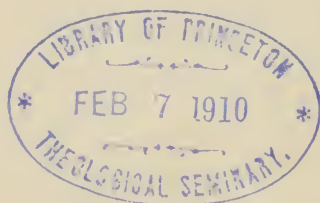


MISSIONARY HEROES IN AFRICA





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Missionary heroes in Africa



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Missionary Heroes in Africa



ARNOT DEFENDING HIS FOOD FROM WILD BEASTS

Food was scarce, so he went out shooting accompanied by a native. He succeeded in bringing down three antelopes, and then he sent the native to get help to carry the game to camp. Meanwhile he had to mount guard. With no fire and no cartridges left, he had to keep cheetahs and hyenas at bay by shouting and stamping his feet right through the night. Fortunately no lions happened to come by.

Missionary Heroes in Africa

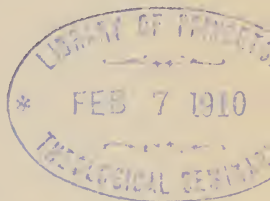
TRUE STORIES OF THE INTREPID BRAVERY
AND STIRRING ADVENTURES OF MISSIONARIES
WITH UNCIVILIZED MAN, WILD BEASTS AND
THE FORCES OF NATURE

✓
BY

JOHN C. LAMBERT, M.A., D.D.

AUTHOR OF

"THE OMNIPOTENT CROSS," "THREE FISHING BOATS"
&c. &c.



WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE author desires with much gratitude to acknowledge his debt to the following ladies and gentlemen, who have most kindly assisted him in gathering the materials for this book by giving their consent to his use of their writings, by lending him books and photographs, or in other ways :

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He would also express his obligations to the following firms of publishers, who have most

Prefatory Note

courteously allowed him to make use of the books mentioned in their proper places at the end of each chapter, and in some cases of illustrations of which they hold the copyright :—

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier ;
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Unwin ; Messrs. Seeley & Co., Ltd.

INTRODUCTION

IN a "foreword" which he contributes to Dr. Jacob Chamberlain's attractive missionary book, *In the Tiger Jungle*, Dr. Francis E. Clark expresses the opinion that one need not patronize sensational and unhealthy fiction to find stirring adventure and thrilling narrative, and then goes on to say :—

"There is one source which furnishes stories of intense and dramatic interest, abounding in novel situations and spiced with abundant adventure ; and this source is at the same time the purest and most invigorating fountain at which our youth can drink. To change the figure, this is a mine hitherto largely unworked ; it contains rich nuggets of ore, which will well repay the prospector in this new field."

The field to which Dr. Clark refers is the history of modern Christian missions. His meaning is that the adventurous and stirring

Introduction

side of missionary experience needs to be brought out, and emphasis laid upon the fact that the romantic days of missions are by no means past.

There are stories which are now among the classics of missionary romance. Such are the expedition of Hans Egede to Greenland, the lonely journeys of David Brainerd among the Indian tribes of the North American forests, the voyage of John Williams from one coral island of the Pacific to another in the little ship which his own hands had built, the exploration of the Dark Continent by David Livingstone in the hope of emancipating the black man's soul.

But among missionary lives which are more recent or less known, there are many not less noble or less thrilling than those just referred to; and the chapters which follow are an attempt to make this plain.

There is, of course, a deeper side to Christian missions—a side that is essential and invariable—while the elements of adventure and romance are accidental and occasional. If in these pages the spiritual aspects of foreign mission

Introduction

work are but slightly touched upon, it is not because they are either forgotten or ignored, but simply because it was not part of the writer's present plan to deal with them. It is hoped, nevertheless, that some of those into whose hands this book may come will be induced by what they read to make fuller acquaintance with the lives and aims of our missionary heroes, and so will catch something of that spirit which led them to face innumerable dangers, toils, and trials among heathen and often savage peoples, whether in the frozen North or the burning South, whether in the hidden depths of some vast continent or among the scattered "islands of the ocean seas."

In the recently published *Memoirs of Archbishop Temple* we find the future Primate of the Church of England, when a youth of twenty, writing to tell his mother how his imagination had been stirred by the sight of Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand starting for the Pacific with a band of young men who had devoted themselves to the propagation of the Gospel among a benighted and barbarous people. "It is not mere momentary enthu-

Introduction

siasm with me," he writes ; "my heart beats whenever I think of it. I think it one of the noblest things England has done for a long time ; almost the only thing really worthy of herself."

It is the author's earnest desire that the narratives which follow may help to kindle in some minds an enthusiasm for missions like that which characterized Frederick Temple to the very end of his long and strenuous life ; or, better still, that they may even suggest to some who are looking forward to the future with a high ambition, and wondering how to make the most of life, whether there is any career which offers so many opportunities of romantic experience and heroic achievement as that of a Christian missionary.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE contents of this volume have been taken from Dr. Lambert's larger book, entitled "The Romance of Missionary Heroism," published at five shillings.

“THE HERO OF UGANDA”

Missionary Heroes in Africa

CHAPTER I

"THE HERO OF UGANDA"

The kingdom of Mtesa—The young engineer—Victoria Nyanza—The *Daisy*—A *baraza* at Mtesa's court—The land of blood—"Makay lubare"—A Brobdingnagian coffin—King Mwanga and the martyrs—Murder of Bishop Hannington—A visit from Stanley—Mackay's death—An Easter Sunday in the Cathedral of Uganda.

IN days when the British flag flies proudly over the Commissioner's residence in what is now known as the Uganda Protectorate in the equatorial regions of East Central Africa, and railway trains pass regularly to and fro through the wild regions that lie between the town of Mombasa on the coast and Kavirondo Bay on the eastern shores of the Victoria Nyanza, the grandest of all African lakes, most of the mystery and romance which once hung about the kingdom of Uganda may be said to

H. M. Stanley

have disappeared. Less than fifty years ago the case was very different. One or two bold travellers, pushing on towards the sources of the Nile, had heard from Arab traders, not less bold, of the existence of an ancient, powerful, and half-civilized kingdom lying directly under the equator, and stretching along the coasts of a great inland sea. But these at the best were only hearsay tales, and if the thrilling romance of *King Solomon's Mines*, dear to the hearts of boys, had been in print half a century ago, the wonderful regions discovered by Allan Quatermain and his companions would have had as much reality to English readers as the dominions of King Mtesa.

But in 1862 Captain Speke reached Uganda, the first of all white men to enter the country ; and in 1875 there came an explorer greater still—Henry M. Stanley. Stanley was much impressed by what he saw of Mtesa and his kingdom, and was especially struck with the great possibilities for the future of Christian missions in Africa that seemed to be opened up by the existence in the very heart of the continent of such a country as Uganda, ruled by a monarch

The Young Engineer

so enlightened. On his return to England he wrote a historic letter to a great London newspaper, describing his visit to Uganda, and challenging the Christian Churches of Britain to send missionaries to that land. It was this letter that led the Church Missionary Society, shortly afterwards, to undertake that work in Uganda with which the name of Alexander Mackay will always be associated.

Mackay was a young Scotchman, the son of a Presbyterian minister in Aberdeenshire, who at an early age had made up his mind to devote himself to the service of Christ in the foreign field, and had conceived the original idea of becoming what he called an "engineer missionary." From the first he saw, as most missionary societies have now come to see, that Christianity and modern civilization should go hand in hand, and that mechanical work is as legitimate an aid to missions as medical science. He had a natural bent towards engineering, and after studying it theoretically for three years at Edinburgh University, went to Germany and spent some time there as a draughtsman and constructor. So marked were his constructive

“ The Modern Livingstone ”

talents that one of his employers offered him a partnership in a large engineering concern ; but what would have seemed a tempting opportunity to most young men was no temptation to him. Already his heart was in the mission field. When he was twenty-four years of age, and hard at work in Berlin, he wrote in his diary on the first anniversary of Dr. Livingstone's death : “ This day last year Livingstone died—a Scotchman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbour in the heart of Africa. ‘ Go thou and do likewise. ’ ” It was in the year following that Stanley returned from Uganda and wrote the celebrated letter already referred to ; and among the first to respond personally to the explorer's challenge was the young Scotch engineer who had drunk so deeply of Livingstone's spirit, and whom Stanley himself described fourteen years later, when he had seen with his own eyes the kind of work that Mackay had done in the heart of Africa, as “ the modern Livingstone.”

According to Stanley it was the practical Christian teacher who was wanted in the Dark Continent—the man who, sailor-like, could turn

Victoria Nyanza

his hand to anything. "Such a one," he wrote, "if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa." Mackay's practical teaching began long before he set foot in Uganda, for as soon as he reached the East African coast he set to work to cut a good road to Mpwapwa, 230 miles inland. It was a huge task for one white man to undertake in the teeth of countless natural difficulties, and in spite of frequent sickness and dangers from wild beasts and savage men. But in the words of the old Scotch proverb, the young engineer "set a stout heart to a stey brae"—fording swamps and climbing hills, bridging rivers and cleaving his way through forests. It was not till two years after he had landed in Africa that he arrived at Kagei on the south of the Victoria Nyanza, and caught his first glimpse of the great lake in the neighbourhood of which the remainder of his life was to be spent. Two of the missionaries for Uganda, Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill, had been murdered shortly before by a neighbouring king; others had succumbed to the climate one by one; and meantime he was left alone to hold aloft in

The "Daisy"

this vast region the flag of Christianity and civilization.

His first business was to get across the lake, for Kagei is at the south end, while Uganda lies along the north-western shores. In size the Victoria Nyanza is about equal to Ireland, and the only way of crossing this inland sea was by means of a sailing-boat called the *Daisy*, which had been brought up from the coast in sections by Lieutenant Smith, but in which not a single sound plank now remained, thanks to the burning rays of the sun, the teeth of hippopotami, and the ravages of armies of white ants. Mackay had to begin without delay those mechanical labours by which he was to produce so deep an impression on the native mind, and which by and by made his name famous all round the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. Day by day he toiled single-handed on the beach with crowds of natives all around, willing to help so far as they could, but sometimes doing more to hinder, watching and wondering until, as they saw his turning-lathe at work, or beautiful candles growing under his fingers out of the fat of an ox, or a complete steam-engine

The "Daisy"

out of a heterogeneous collection of bars and rods and bolts and screws, they began to whisper to one another that the white man came from heaven.

But before his boat-building was completed, Mackay impressed the natives in another way, by paying a visit to King Lkonge, of the island of Ukerewe, by whose warriors the two missionaries had been murdered a short time before. The friendly people of Kagei entreated him not to go to Ukerewe, assuring him that by doing so he would only be putting his head into the lion's jaws. But he went, alone and unarmed, and got Lkonge to promise that he would allow the missionaries to come and teach his subjects; and then after a nine days' absence returned to Kagei, where he was received almost as one who had come back from the dead.

At length the *Daisy* was ready, and Mackay had now to undertake the duty of navigating her across the unknown waters. Even to an experienced sailor like the murdered Lieutenant Smith the task would not have been an easy one, for like the Sea of Galilee, the Vic-

The “Daisy”

toria Nyanza is a lake of storms, while countless rocks and islets stud the broad expanse on every hand. And Mackay was not only no sailor, he had not the slightest acquaintance with the art of handling a sailing boat. Still there was nothing for it but to launch out into the deep with a native crew which knew even less about boats than he did himself. It was a terrible voyage. Soon after leaving Kagei a great storm came down and raged upon the lake for two days, during which the *Daisy* was driven helplessly before the fury of wind and waves, until she was hurled at last a mere wreck upon the western coast. The boat-builder's task had to be resumed once more ; and the *Daisy* was repaired, as Mackay himself puts it, “much as one would make a pair of shoes out of a pair of long boots. Cutting eight feet out of the middle of her, we brought stem and stern together, patching up all broken parts in these with the wood of the middle portion ; and after eight weeks' hard labour, we launched her once more on the Victoria Nyanza.”

It was not till November, 1878, two and a

A "Baraza" at Mtesa's Court

half years after leaving England, that Ntebe, the port of Uganda, was sighted at last ; and five days afterwards Mackay entered Rubaga, the capital of the land which had so long been the goal of all his hopes and efforts. On the earliest day on which there was a *baraza* or levee at Mtesa's court, he received a summons to attend. It was a striking succession of scenes that met his quietly observant eye as he passed along the magnificently wide road that led to the royal palace of this Central African city. In his *Two Kings of Uganda* Mr. Ashe, Mackay's colleague at a later period, gives a graphic account of one of Mtesa's levees, when, amidst the rolling tattoos of deep-toned drums and the blare of trumpets, lords and chieftains from far and near, villainous but smiling Arabs, runaway Egyptian soldiers from the Soudan, adventurers from the East Coast and Madagascar, mountebanks, minstrels, dancers, and dwarfs all gathered into the courtyard of the Kabaka, which was the native title of the king.

Mackay's presentation passed off very well, and it was not long till his great skill in all kinds of arts and crafts, and especially in iron-

Adverse Influences

work, made him an object of wonder to the whole country and a special favourite with the king. But he never allowed himself to forget that, important as practical work was, there was something which was infinitely higher, and that all the influence which he gained by his mechanical ingenuity must be turned to the service of the Gospel he had come to Uganda to proclaim. So while during the rest of the week he practised the arts of civilization and imparted them to others, when Sunday came he regularly presented himself at the court, and read and expounded the New Testament to a listening crowd in the presence of the king. At first Mtesa appeared to be in sympathy with his teaching, and to the ardent young missionary it almost seemed as if the whole nation of Uganda might be born in a day. It was not long, however, till adverse influences began to work. The Arab traders bitterly disliked Mackay, for they were well aware that all his influence went to undermine their very lucrative slave trade. There were some Roman Catholic priests, too, who had followed him to Uganda after he had opened up the way, and these men

The Land of Blood

set themselves to prejudice both king and people against him as far as they could. But worst of all, Mtesa turned out to be a hearer of the type of that Felix to whom St. Paul preached. Up to a certain point he listened to Mackay willingly enough, but he did not like the missionary to get into close grips with his conscience. There was much that was good and amiable about Mtesa, and to the end he protected Mackay from all his enemies. But his whole previous life had been a training in cruelty, brutality, and lust; and though his mind was convinced of the truth of the Christian Gospel, its moral demands were too much for his taste, and he remained a heathen in heart.

And so there came a time when Mackay discovered to his horror that while for more than two years the king had been listening to him with apparent interest, he had been permitting almost unimaginable cruelties to be practised just as before. In particular, every now and then he gave orders for a *kiwendo*, i.e. a great massacre of human victims, in one of which as many as 2,000 persons were put to death in a single day. In anticipation of these great

The Land of Blood

sacrifices, gangs of executioners prowled about the land by night, pouncing upon innocent and helpless people and marching them off to the capital ; and by and by Mackay came to know that the deep roll of drums which sometimes wakened him in the dead of night was nothing else than the signal that a fresh batch of victims had been brought in. When the day of the *kiwendo* arrived, these wretched creatures were put to death by burning. But before being cast alive into the flames many had their eyes put out, their noses and ears cut off, or the sinews of their arms and thighs torn out and roasted before their faces.

Against these horrible deeds Mackay protested with all his strength, but only offended the king, who now declined to see him at the court, and no longer, as at first, supplied him with food, so that he and the two other missionaries by whom he had been joined were sometimes reduced to actual starvation. From time to time, however, the royal favour was regained in some measure by a fresh demonstration of the white man's mechanical power. Once in a time of great drought, when water

“ Makay Lubare ”

was not to be had in the capital, Mackay sank a deep well—a thing which had never before been seen in Uganda, and fitted it with a pump—a thing more wonderful still. And when the people saw the copious stream of water ascending twenty feet high, and flowing on as long as any one worked the pump handle, their astonishment knew no bounds, and they cried, *Makay lubare* (“ Mackay is the great spirit ”) again and again. But their benefactor did not trade on their ignorance. He told them that the pump was only a kind of elephant’s trunk made of copper, or that it was like the tubes they used for sucking beer out of their beer jars, only much bigger and with a tongue of iron to suck up the water. “ I am no great spirit,” he assured them. “ There is only one Great Spirit, that is God ; and I am only a man like yourselves.”

Another of Mackay’s tasks at this time was imposed on him by the death of Mtesa’s mother, and consisted in the manufacture of what the king considered a fitting receptacle for the corpse of so august a personage. It was a triple series of coffins—an inner one of wood, a

King Mwanga

middle one of copper, and an outer one of wood covered with cloth. Everything had to be made as large as possible, and to fulfil the office of undertaker on this Brobdingnagian scale the handy missionary had to toil incessantly for thirty days, and latterly all through the night as well. The outer coffin was made of 100 boards nailed together, with strong ribs like the sides of a schooner, and was so enormous that it looked like a house rather than a coffin, and required the assistance of a whole army of men that it might be lowered safely into the grave, which, again, was a huge pit twenty feet long, fifteen feet broad, and about thirty feet deep.

At last Mtesa died, worn out prematurely by his vices, and was succeeded by his son Mwanga, a youth of about seventeen, who inherited his father's worst qualities, but none of his good ones. Then began a time of fiery trial for the mission. Mackay and his companions were daily threatened with death, and death was made the penalty of listening to their teaching or even of reading the Bible in secret. Many of Mackay's pupils and converts were

Murder of Bishop Hannington

tortured and burnt to death ; but in Uganda as elsewhere the old saying came true that “the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.” Inquirers became far more numerous than ever ; men stole into the houses of the missionaries by night and begged to be baptized ; and there were cases where bolder ones went openly to the court and proclaimed that they were Christians, though they knew that their confession would immediately be followed by a cruel death. Sir H. M. Stanley said of this martyr Church of Uganda that he took it to be “a more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a mission station would be.” Certain it is that it was by the tearful sowing of Mackay and his companions in those gloomy days that there was brought about that time of plentiful and joyful reaping which came in Uganda by and by.

And now we come to the culminating tragedy in this story of tyranny and bloodshed, and the moment when the faith and courage of the missionaries were most severely tested. They knew that Mr. Hannington had been con-

Murder of Bishop Hannington

secreted Bishop of East Equatorial Africa and was on his way to Uganda from the coast. And they had heard with much concern that, instead of following the customary route to the south end of the lake, he was marching through the Masai country on the east towards the district of Usoga at the northern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza, with the intention of entering Uganda from that quarter. The ground of their concern lay in the fact that the people of Uganda looked upon Usoga as their private "back door," through which no strangers, and especially no white men, should be permitted to approach. There was an old prophecy among them that their country was to be conquered by a people coming from the east, and when word was brought that white men with a large caravan of followers had made their appearance in Usoga, Mwanga and his councillors grew excited and alarmed. Mackay guessed at once who the advancing travellers would be, and did everything he could to reassure the king as to Hannington's purpose in coming to his country. But in spite of all his efforts, a band of soldiers was secretly dis-

Murder of Bishop Hannington

patched to intercept and massacre the Bishop and his followers; and soon the news spread throughout all Uganda that Mwanga's instructions had been literally fulfilled. The murder of the Bishop seemed to whet the tyrant's appetite for Christian blood, and a general persecution followed in which the very flower of the native converts were slain, while the lives of the missionaries themselves constantly hung by a single thread—the king being kept from ordering their instant execution only by the powerful influence of his Katikoro or Prime Minister, who urged him to remember all that Mackay had done for his father in the past.

At length Mr. Ashe, Mackay's only remaining companion, got permission to return to England, while Mackay himself was allowed to withdraw to the south end of the lake. Much as he needed a rest, he could not be persuaded to turn his back on Africa at this critical juncture. Nor did he cross the lake through any personal fears, but only because he was convinced that it might be best for the native Christians that his presence

A Visit from Stanley

should be removed for a time. He went accordingly to the district of Usambiro, south of the lake, and immediately started mission work there, devoting himself at the same time to the task of translating and printing portions of Scripture for the Uganda people, so that even in his absence the Divine word might continue to win its way in many hearts.

It was whilst he was at Usambiro that Stanley and he first met. The distinguished explorer was then on his way back to the coast after his relief of Emin Pasha, and to him and his companions it was a welcome relief, as several of them have testified—an oasis in the desert of African travel,—to come in the midst of their long and weary march upon Mackay's mission station at Usambiro. In his book, *In Darkest Africa* (vol. II, pp. 388–389), Stanley himself gives a graphic description of the meeting, and thus records his impressions of the young Scotch missionary and the work in which they found him quietly and steadily engaged :—

“Talking thus, we entered the circle of tall poles within which the mission station was

A Visit from Stanley

built. There were signs of labour and constant, unwearying patience, sweating under a hot sun, a steadfast determination to do something to keep the mind employed, and never let idleness find them with folded hands brooding over the unloveliness, lest despair might seize them and cause them to avail themselves of the speediest means of ending their misery. There was a big, solid workshop in the yard, filled with machinery and tools, a launch's boiler was being prepared by the blacksmiths, a big canoe was outside repairing ; there were sawpits and large logs of hard timber, there were great stacks of palisade poles, in a corner of an outer yard was a cattle-fold and a goat-pen, fowls by the score pecked at microscopic grains, and out of the European quarter there trooped a number of little boys and big boys looking uncommonly sleek and happy, and quiet labourers came up to bid us, with hats off, 'Good morning !'

* * * * *

"A clever writer lately wrote a book about a man who spent much time in Africa, which

A Visit from Stanley

from beginning to end is a long-drawn wail. It would have cured both writer and hero of all moping to have seen the manner of Mackay's life. He has no time to fret and groan and weep; and God knows, if ever man had reason to think of 'graves and worms and oblivion,' and to be doleful and lonely and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his Bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, Mwanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint or a moan amid the 'wildernesses,' and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving-kindness in the morning and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it."

Stanley spent twenty days at Usambiro, enjoying to the full the society and hospitality of his missionary friend. On the day that the expedition left Mackay walked with the travel-

Mackay's Death

lers for some distance, but bade them good-bye at last, and stood on the path waving his hat till they passed out of sight. One of Stanley's officers wrote afterwards, "That lonely figure standing on the brow of the hill, waving farewell to us, will ever remain vividly in my mind."

The end of this heroic life came not long after. Mackay was struck down in the midst of his labours by a sharp attack of malarial fever, which he had not the strength to resist, and after some days of delirium he passed quietly away. He has been called "The Hero of Uganda," and the record of his life shows that he would be worthy of the name, even though no great apparent fruitage had come from all his toils and trials. But the events that have followed since his death help us to a clearer estimate of the richness of the seeds he sowed, often in manifold pain and sorrow, in those first days of Christianity on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. The Rev. J. S. Moffat, son of the celebrated Dr. Moffat and brother-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, writing in August, 1904, in the *Aurora*, the journal of

An Easter Sunday

the Livingstonia Presbyterian Mission on the west of Lake Nyasa, gives a vivid description of a recent visit to Uganda, and thus pictures the scene he witnessed on Easter Sunday in the Cathedral Church at Namirembe :—

“ From where I sat I could see at least three thousand faces. I was told that there was still a crowd outside—of those who could not find room : and there was a separate and simultaneous service being conducted in an adjacent building, at which at least five hundred younger people were assembled. In the cathedral we joined in the stately service of the Anglican Church, never so stately and impressive as when it is rendered in noble simplicity, free from the adventitious accompaniment and the vicarious performance of a highly artistic choir.

“ There was something more real and solemn than this in the vast murmur, almost a thunder-roll, of thousands of responding voices, the voices of men and women who had been born in the most degraded and darkest heathenism, the people that sat in darkness but had seen a great light ; the Easter sun shining upon the

An Easter Sunday

stone that had been rolled away, and upon the open grave."

NOTE.—The chief authorities for Mackay's life are *Mackay of Uganda* and *The Story of Mackay of Uganda*, both written by his sister, and published by Hodder and Stoughton; *Two Kings of Uganda*, by Rev. R. P. Ashe, M.A. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).

THE LION-HEARTED BISHOP

CHAPTER II

THE LION-HEARTED BISHOP

“Mad Jim”—An ideal pioneer—A novel way of landing in Africa—
“Teek, teek, teek”—Encounter with lions—Turned back from
the goal—Bishop of East Equatorial Africa—The new route to
Uganda—Through Masailand—The El Moran—Greasy bed-
fellows—The forbidden land—Martyrdom.

THERE is no chapter in the story of modern missions which has more of the romantic element about it than that which tells how the Kingdom of Uganda, within less than a generation, was turned from a land of heathen darkness and cruelty to one in which on the Lord's Day such scenes of devout Christian worship are to be witnessed in church and cathedral as are described on a preceding page in the language of the Rev. Mr. Moffat. We have spoken of Alexander Mackay as the hero of Uganda; and undoubtedly it was he more than any other who sowed in that land the seed which has been reaped so plentifully since. But there is another name which the Church

“Mad Jim”

of Uganda must ever cherish side by side with Mackay's—the name of that lion-hearted man, Bishop Hannington, who literally laid down his life for her sake. It is true that Hannington never saw Uganda. And yet during his brief missionary career it was for Uganda most of all that he prayed and toiled and suffered, and it was for Uganda, too, that he died at last a martyr's death. When the soldiers of the cruel Mwanga were about to thrust their spears into his body as he stood on the very threshold of the land he had sought so long, he bade them tell their king “that he was about to die for Uganda, and that he had purchased the road to Uganda with his life.”

James Hannington was the very ideal of a pioneer missionary. Full of physical vitality and animal spirits, and absolutely devoid of fear, he spent his boyhood in all kinds of adventures by land and water, which sometimes developed into schoolboy scrapes of the kind that Mr. Kipling describes so vividly in *Stalky and Co.* When only twelve, he had the thumb of his left hand blown off by some damp gunpowder squibs or “blue devils,” which he had

“Mad Jim”

manufactured with a view to taking a wasp's nest. And in after years, when a young curate, he often alarmed the parishioners by his reckless feats as a climber and egg-hunter on the Devonshire cliffs.

But in the heart of “Mad Jim,” as he had been called at school, there grew up a great love for Christ, and a desire to serve Him in the ministry of the Church. And when he took Holy Orders, after studying at Oxford, it proved that his adventurous spirit, his athletic habits, and his frank outspoken manliness gave him a power over many minds which the ordinary clergyman mostly fails to reach. By and by the stirrings of the heart began to urge him forth to a larger and more difficult field than he could find at home. In particular, when word came to England of the murder of Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill on the Victoria Nyanza, he felt the impulse of the brave soldier to step into the gap where a comrade has fallen. And when the Church Missionary Society decided to send a fresh party to Uganda to reinforce Mackay, who was holding the ground with a single companion in the face of

An Ideal Pioneer

infinite difficulties and discouragements, Hannington was one of the first to volunteer. He was most happily settled by this time as incumbent of St. George's Chapel, Hurstpierpoint, the home of his boyhood and youth, and had besides a wife and young children to whom he



FIRST LANDING IN AFRICA
From a sketch by Bishop Hannington

was passionately attached. But the call he heard was one to which he could give no denial. For Christ and for Africa he felt that he must be willing to suffer the loss of all things.

Hannington was appointed leader of the new party, which consisted of six men; and his instructions were to endeavour to reach Uganda

A Novel Way of Landing

from Zanzibar by what was then the ordinary route, viz., to the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, and thereafter by boat across the Lake to Rubaga, King Mtesa's capital. His first landing in Africa was thoroughly like himself. The thirty miles of channel between Zanzibar and the mainland was crossed in a filthy Arab dhow, but the water was so shallow that the vessel could not get within half a mile of the shore. A dug-out canoe put off to their assistance, in which the rest of the passengers were conveyed to land two or three at a time. But as the sea was rough the waves broke constantly over the canoe, nearly filling it with water. Hannington said "that he preferred a regular bathe to a foot-bath with his boots on. So he stripped off his clothes, put them into a bag which he carried on his head, and disregarding the sharks, he waded and stumbled and swam over the half-mile of rough coral and through the breakers which lay between the vessel and the beach. So he landed on the coast of Africa in a manner quite characteristic."

When Hannington went up for his exam-

Curious Savages

ination before being ordained, he did not make a very brilliant appearance, and the Bishop, after looking him all over, said, “You’ve got fine legs, I see : mind that you run about your parish.” His parish now was East Central Africa ; and it was well that he had good legs. Practically the whole of his life as a missionary was spent in journeying up and down this vast region. But to a man of his temperament, though the motive of carrying the Gospel to the heart of the African continent was the central one, exploration and adventure were very welcome in themselves, and he entered into his new experiences with much of the zest of his boyish days. Here is a description written to his nephews and nieces, and accompanied by one of those droll sketches with which he often embellished his letters to familiar friends :—

“Fancy a set of hideous savages regarding your uncle as a strange, outlandish creature, frightful to behold ! ‘Are those your feet, white man ?’ ‘No, gentlemen, they are not. They are my sandals.’ ‘But, do they grow to your feet ?’ ‘No, gentlemen, they do not. I

Curious Savages

will show you.' So I would unlace a boot. A roar of astonishment followed when they saw my blue sock, as they thought my feet must be blue and toeless. I pulled off the sock, and they were dumbfounded at the sight of my



THE BISHOP AND THE MUTINIOUS BOATMAN

From a sketch by Bishop Hannington

white, five-toed foot. They used to think that only my face and hands were white, and the rest of me black like themselves. My watch, too, was an unfailing attraction. 'There is a man in it.' 'It is *Lubari*; it is witchcraft,'

“Teek, Teek, Teek”

they would cry. ‘He talks ; he says, Teek, teek, teek.’ My nose they would compare with a spear, it struck them as so sharp and thin as compared with their own. Often one would give my hair a smart pull to try whether it were a wig and would come off.”

There were times when the experiences of the travellers were more dangerous than amusing, for there were murderous robbers in some of the forests, who were ever on the watch to pounce upon unwary strangers, and there were deep pits, cunningly covered over with twigs and grass, and with upright spears at the bottom, which were used by the natives as traps for the larger kinds of game. To stumble into one of these means almost certainly a horrible death. Hannington himself fell into one, but fortunately in this case the spears were wanting ; and he was not dangerously hurt, though much shaken and bruised.

It was fitting that this lion-hearted missionary should have more than one exciting encounter with lions. The most thrilling of all took place one day when he had gone out to shoot, accompanied by a single boy. Seeing a

Encounter with Lions

small animal moving through the long grass in front, he fired, and the creature rolled over quite dead. On coming up to it he discovered that it was nothing less than a lion's whelp. Immediately the boy shouted, "Run, master, run!" and took to his heels as hard as he



A VISIT FROM A HIPPOPOTAMUS

From a sketch by Bishop Hannington

could. His terror was not premature, for the next moment, with terrific roars, a large lion and lioness came bounding towards Hannington out of the jungle. His gun was empty, he had no time to reload; but though his natural impulse was to run, he felt at once that this

Encounter with Lions

would be fatal. So he stood his ground, and when the lions came near growling and lashing their tails and glaring at this intruder, he only glared back at them with steady eyes. This unflinching courage completely subdued them, and as they stood staring fiercely at him, he gradually retreated backwards for a hundred yards or so, facing them all the while, and then turned and quietly walked away. Most men, however brave, would have been content with this victory. But Hannington was not content; for he now determined to go back and secure the young lion's skin if possible. As he drew near again he saw that the lion and its mate were walking round and round the dead body of their whelp, licking it, and turning it over, and trying to restore it to life. Throwing his arms into the air and yelling as loud as he could, he rushed forward; and the fierce beasts, which evidently had never met such a person as this before, fairly turned tail and leaped away into the bush. Whereupon Hannington seized his prize, and by and by marched into camp carrying it triumphantly on his shoulders.

The Victoria Nyanza was reached about



BISHOP HANNINGTON'S ENCOUNTER WITH AN ELEPHANT AND A RHINOCEROS

Turned Back from the Goal

Christmas, 1882, after a weary journey of several months, marked not only by dangers from lions, leopards, rhinos, and buffaloes, but by constant worries and anxieties due to the fact that the expedition was very badly provided with supplies. At first it seemed to Hannington that his journey was almost at an end, for only the great sheet of water now separated him from Uganda. But, like Mackay before him, he soon found that his worst troubles were yet to come. In the meantime they had no means of crossing, and while Hannington toiled to make arrangements he took a violent attack of malarial fever, and was quickly reduced to such terrible weakness that his companions agreed that his only chance of saving his life lay in returning to England immediately. And so, when almost within sight of his goal, he had to turn back, and allow himself to be carried in a hammock all the dreary way back to Zanzibar. Catching a mail steamer, he got safely home to England, and was received again into his beloved circle at Hurstpierpoint "almost," as his biographer Mr. Dawson puts it, "as one alive from the dead."

The Task Resumed

At first it seemed certain that he would never see Africa again ; but gradually his strength returned, and with it a keen desire to resume the task he had undertaken. Meantime the directors of the Church Missionary Society, who had long been anxious to secure a Bishop to take the oversight of all the churches they had planted in East Central Africa, singled him out as pre-eminently qualified for the position, and the Archbishop of Canterbury cordially agreed to consecrate him. In the summer of 1884, accordingly, he became Bishop of East Equatorial Africa, a diocese which embraced not Uganda only, but the immense region which lies between the Victoria Nyanza and the coast. Uganda, however, was still his chief concern, and his failure to reach it on the first attempt made him all the more determined to visit it now without delay, and to endeavour to bring some comfort to its persecuted Christians and some help to the brave Mackay, who still held the fort for Christ and the Church in that unhappy land in which the debased and cruel Mwanga was now king.

Having set things in order at the stations

The New Route to Uganda

near the coast, and paid a flying visit to Mount Kilimanjaro for the purpose of planting the banner of the cross upon its very slopes, the Bishop therefore began at once to make preparations for his second and last journey towards Uganda. And now he came to what proved to be a fateful decision. Hitherto the missionaries had started from Zanzibar and made for the south end of the lake, thereafter crossing the Victoria Nyanza in boats. But Hannington knew by painful experience the difficulties of that route—its undue length, its exasperating delays, the deadly influences of its fever-haunted swamps. He conceived the idea of a new line of march which, starting not from Zanzibar but from Mombasa, about 150 miles nearer the Equator, should aim not at the south of the lake but at the north. For one thing, this route would be considerably shorter. Moreover, as his brief visit to Kilimanjaro had shown, instead of passing through a low-lying country, it would lead to a large extent over healthy uplands where travelling would be safe for Europeans. The one great difficulty he thought of, a difficulty which until lately had

Through Masailand

seemed insurmountable, was the fact that he would be obliged to traverse the country of the Masai, whose very name was a word of terror for hundreds of miles around. But not long before, that intrepid young Scotchman, Mr. Joseph Thomson, had explored the Masai country without coming to any harm; and a close study of his fascinating book, *Through Masai Land*, had set the Bishop thinking. If an explorer could make his way among the Masai, why not a Christian missionary? Anyhow, he meant to try, for he was convinced that if this route was at all practicable, the choice of it in the future would mean to the Society an immense saving of time and money, as well as of precious lives.

Unfortunately there was one element in the case which escaped all Hannington's calculations, and brought about the tragedy of which we have to tell. He did not know that the kings of Uganda regarded the country of Usoga, to the north of the lake, through which he would have to pass, as their "back door," by which no white man must be allowed to enter. Nor was he aware that that very

Through Masailand

journey of Joseph Thomson's, from which he was drawing encouragement, had caused a great flutter at the court of Mtesa, and that it was well for that bold traveller that he had turned back after merely touching the lake at its north-eastern extremity, without attempting to advance farther. No blame, however, can be ascribed to the Bishop for his ignorance, nor can he be accused of acting rashly. His plans were made with the approval of both the Sultan of Zanzibar and Sir John Kirk, the British Consul, with the latter of whom he had frequent consultations before starting on his ill-fated journey.

In the meantime something like his old strength and vigour had returned, as may be judged from the fact that, on a preliminary tramp up country in connexion with some of his episcopal duties, he marched back to the coast, a distance of 120 miles, in exactly three days and half an hour—forty miles a day on an average—a feat which is perhaps unexampled in the annals of African travel.

It was in July, 1885, that he finally set off from Mombasa at the head of a caravan 200 strong.

Through Masailand

He knew that he must be prepared to face many dangers. "Starvation," he wrote, "desertion, treachery, and a few other nightmares and furies hover over our heads in ghastly forms." But nothing disturbed the flow of his spirits. His biographer gives us this glimpse of the Bishop on the march: "All the way during that march to Taita his letters reveal him to us, till we seem to see him as he strides ahead with that springy step of his. Arms swinging, eyes ever on the alert to notice anything new or remarkable, now a snatch of song, again a shout of encouragement, a leap upon some rare flower or insect—the very life and soul of his company, while ever and anon his emphatic voice would be raised in the notes of some old familiar tune, and the wilderness would ring to the sound of a Christian hymn—

"Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown ;
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

By and by his correspondence ceases, as he vanishes into a region which knows not the post office even in its most primitive forms. Fortunately, however, his little pocket-diary was recovered from one of the band that mur-

The El Moran

dered him, and much additional light has been shed upon that last journey by Mr. Jones, a newly ordained native clergyman whom he had taken with him as his companion.

The new route proved to be less easy than Hannington had hoped, and the caravan, besides having to fight its way through obstinate jungles, had a good deal of trouble with unfriendly natives, even before reaching the land of the much-dreaded Masai—the scourges at that time of East Central Africa. The Masai are not negroes, or members of the great Bantu family by which the greater part of the African continent is inhabited, but belong to what ethnologists call the Hamitic race, occupying a distinctly higher position in the scale of humanity. Up to the age of thirty, Mr. Joseph Thomson tells us, every young Masai is a warrior, and these warriors, or El Moran as they are called, live in huge kraals or military barracks large enough to accommodate 2000 of them at a time, from which they issue periodically on murdering and marauding expeditions. The arrogance and insolence of the warrior class is unbounded, while any attempt at resent-

The El Moran

ing it is met at once by the uplifting of a forest of their great broad-bladed spears.

With these Masai Bishop Hannington had a trying time. It was quite impossible to keep the young warriors out of his tent, and they came crowding in at their pleasure demanding *hongo*, which is the name for an enforced present, and making themselves free with everything. His chair, his bed, his wash-tub, his biscuit-boxes were all covered with dirty, sprawling figures, and he himself was subjected to impertinences of every kind. They stroked his hair, pulled his beard, felt his cheeks, and tried on his clothes; and not only fingered all his personal belongings, but spat upon them, that being the Masai token of appreciation. Again and again destruction seemed to be hanging over the camp by a single thread, for the El Moran like nothing better than an excuse for slaughter, and if any one had lost his temper for a moment, it might have been the signal for a wholesale massacre. But at this time the Bishop and his men were mercifully preserved. He notes in his diary, "I strove in prayer; and each time trouble seemed to



A MOCK DUEL BETWEEN TWO MASAI WARRIORS

Greasy Bed-fellows

be averted." And it would appear that even those fierce people felt the power of Hannington's brotherliness. They were by no means agreeable company, with their spitting habits, and the grease and red earth with which they daubed their bodies and so smeared everything they touched. But once when three of them had come with an ox for sale, Hannington invited them to stay with him all night, as it was getting late and their kraal was far off; and, rather to his surprise, they consented quite gratefully. So the Bishop and the three warriors lay down side by side on the floor of the little tent, and though the Masai slept with their spears beside them, he neither showed nor felt the slightest fear. He writes, "They packed themselves away like sardines in a box, and I covered them over first with a leopard's skin, then with a grass mat, and finally a waterproof sheet. They fell almost instantly into a most gentle sleep. I followed their example and, with one exception, I did not wake up until time to start. Wherever we meet we are to be brothers."

Soon after passing through the Masai country

The Forbidden Land

the travellers came to Kavirondo, a region which no white man but Mr. Joseph Thomson had ever visited, while even he had not attempted to go farther. Between them and Uganda nothing now lay but the forbidden land of Usoga. At this stage, owing to the uncertainty of the route, Hannington decided to leave Mr. Jones with the bulk of the caravan encamped in Kavirondo, and to push on himself towards Uganda with fifty of his men.

News travels swiftly even in Africa, and the cruel Mwanga was by this time perfectly aware of the white man's advance, and, as we learn from Mackay, was greatly concerned about it. Mackay did all he could to reassure the king and his advisers, but without effect. Mwanga decided that this daring stranger must die, and sent orders to Lubwa, an Usoga chief, who was his puppet in the matter, to have him and his followers arrested. For fully a week they were kept in close confinement, until a band of Mwanga's soldiers arrived with secret orders to put them all to death.

The Bishop was led through the forest to a place some miles distant from the scene of



BISHOP HANNINGTON A PRISONER SHORTLY BEFORE HIS MARTYRDOM

He was kept in a fair-sized hut with about twenty men around him. The place was very dirty, and quite dark but for the firelight.

Martyrdom

his imprisonment, and there he found his men before him, stripped naked and bound with thongs. His own clothing was then roughly torn off; and he saw that the end was near. Although weak with fever and greatly reduced by his trying imprisonment, his courage never failed him in that awful hour. He gave his murderers that message to their king to which we referred at the beginning of this chapter; and then kneeling down, he committed his soul to God. A moment after the fierce soldiers rushed upon their victims with their stabbing spears. Two of them, who had been told off for the purpose and were stationed one on either side of Hannington, plunged their weapons into his heart, while all around him the ground was covered with his dead and dying men.

The diary which he kept during his imprisonment is exceedingly touching, especially the entries of the last two days. It was on a Thursday that he died, and on Wednesday we find him writing: "A terrible night, first with noisy drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent and swarm.

Martyrdom

I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii." The last entry of all is very brief. It must have been written just before the soldiers came to lead him out to die.

"*Oct. 29th, Thursday* (Eighth day's prison). —I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx, which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

Our knowledge of the final scenes comes partly from the testimony of three or four of Hannington's men, whose lives were spared on condition that they would show the murderers how to open his boxes, partly from the evidence of some of the soldiers themselves, who subsequently became members of the Uganda Church, but especially from one of his porters, a young coast Christian, who was with the Bishop to the very last, and was speared by his side and left on the ground for dead. During the night he revived and crawled for

Escape of a Porter

miles through the forest, with his bowels protruding from a dreadful wound, till he reached the tent of a native who was a friend of Mackay's, and by whom he was kindly received and tended until his recovery.

So died the lion-hearted Bishop at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight. But "we live in deeds, not years"; and the brave simplicity of his character, together with his martyr death, will keep his name alive as one of the truest of the many missionary heroes of "Darkest Africa."

AUTHORITIES.—*James Hannington* and *Lion-Hearted*, both by Rev. E. C. Dawson, M.A. (London : Seeley and Co.); *Through Masai Land*, by Joseph Thomson (London : Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).

PIONEERS IN NYASALAND

CHAPTER III

PIONEERS IN NYASALAND

Up the Zambesi and the Shiré—Lake Nyasa—Dr. Livingstone and Livingstonia—The first pioneers—Gravestones and milestones—The wild Angoni—A raid and a rescue—A great *indaba*—Arab slavers—The Arab war—African Lakes Corporation—Transformation of Central Africa—A dream-city.

THE traveller to Nyasaland who has been carried swiftly to the Far South and round the Cape of Good Hope by one of the great steamers of the Union Castle Line, and has next sailed up the East African coast on a German liner, may find after arriving at the mouth of the Zambesi that the remaining stages of his journey take nearly as long as the ocean voyage of 10,000 miles. First comes a tedious struggle up the Zambesi in a river steamboat which proceeds only by day, since it would be impossible to pilot her through the snags and shallows at night, and sometimes sticks on a sandbank, so that, crocodiles notwithstanding,

Lake Nyasa

the black crew has to tumble into the water and try to drag her off. By and by, after entering the Shiré, that great northern tributary of the Zambesi which flows out of Lake Nyasa itself, the steamboat is exchanged for a barge propelled by poles. The barge is provided with a tiny deck-house in which the traveller is supposed to spend his nights, but if he is wise he will climb with his pillow on to the house roof, where as he lies he can catch the night breeze and listen drowsily before falling asleep to the lullabies of innumerable frogs, and see the fire-flies flitting through the reeds on the river bank and the Southern Cross gleaming before him like the chief jewel of a diadem on "the forehead of the sky." When the Shiré Highlands are reached and the rapids begin, he must betake himself to *terra firma* for an overland journey of a few days via Blantyre, the Central African namesake of Dr. Livingstone's Scottish birthplace, for this whole region of the Zambesi, the Shiré, and Lake Nyasa with its western hinterland, is consecrated more than any other part of the Dark Continent to the memory of the greatest of missionary explorers. Having

Dr. Livingstone

rounded the rapids, partly by the help of a brand-new railway line and partly in a *machila*, or hammock slung on a bamboo pole and carried by relays of sturdy natives, our traveller arrives at the Upper Shiré, where the river is navigable once more, and soon is again steaming onwards. At last comes a red-letter day in his experience when he reaches Fort Johnston, where his vessel glides out from between the river banks into the broad blue expanse of Lake Nyasa, stretching northwards for 350 miles.

It is a slow and sometimes painful progress, this journey to Nyasaland from the coast ; and yet how swift and easy and luxurious compared with what it was little more than a generation ago when Dr. Livingstone died ! But even more striking than the changes brought about in Central Africa by the introduction of steam and the making of roads is the transformation wrought by the coming of a Christian civilization. When Livingstone explored the Zambesi and discovered the Shiré River and the magnificent lake by which it is fed, Arab slave-raiders were devastating the whole country by their abominable traffic with its accompaniment of

Dr. Livingstone

outrage and massacre. Wherever he went he saw skeletons scattered about the bush, villages left without a single inhabitant, corpses floating down the streams in such numbers that he could not keep count of them—showing that the very crocodiles were gorged to satiety with human flesh. To this great-hearted man it seemed that his brothers' blood was crying to heaven out of the ground, and he made a passionate appeal to the Christian people of Britain to heal what he described as "the open sore of the world." Not till after his lonely death in the heart of Africa and his burial in Westminster Abbey did his words have their full effect. But the voice of the dead hero touched his countrymen as the voice of the living one had never done. Especially was this the case in Scotland, which claimed Livingstone as her very own. The Established Church of Scotland entered upon its noble work at Blantyre in the Shiré Highlands, while the Free Church (now the United Free Church) founded on the shores of Lake Nyasa that remarkable Livingstonia Mission of which the present chapter is to tell.

It was in the month of July, 1875, that



THE NATIVE METHOD OF CARRYING WHITES IN LIVINGSTONIA

The First Pioneers

Lieutenant Young, R.N., and a party which included the Rev. Dr. Laws (a qualified medical man), who may be described as the veteran and hero of Nyasaland, together with a carpenter, a blacksmith, an engineer, an agriculturist, and a seaman, found themselves dumped down at the Zambesi mouth after a dangerous voyage from the Cape in a small German schooner called the *Hara*. As part of their equipment they had brought with them a little steamer, the *Ilala*, built in sections, and as soon as they had succeeded in fitting it together, they started on their journey upstream. A toilsome journey it proved, for the *Ilala* had been built for service on the lake rather than the rivers, and was constantly going aground and requiring to be emptied of its cargo, and then hauled off into deeper water. When the Murchison Cataracts were reached, where for sixty miles the Shiré rushes swiftly down from its upper reaches towards the lower levels of the Zambesi by a succession of falls and rapids, their little transport had to be taken to pieces again, and dragged with terrible toil over the long portage to the Upper Shiré, where once again it was

The First Pioneers

rebuilt and relaunched. By that time, however, the journey's end was well in sight. Three or four days of quiet steaming brought them safely at last to the lake of their hopes and dreams. Of the little *Ilala* it might be said not only that she was

The first that ever burst
Into that silent sea,

but that she was the first steam vessel to float on any of the great lakes of Central Africa, the forerunner of the numerous steamers that ply up and down the waters of Lake Nyasa, Lake Tanganyika, Victoria Nyanza, and the other inland seas of the continent.

The first settlement of these pioneers was at Cape Maclear, a beautiful promontory at the south end of the lake, where before long the leadership of the enterprise fell upon Dr. Laws, Lieutenant Young being recalled by the Admiralty to his naval duties, from which he had only obtained temporary leave of absence. From life in Central Africa an element of danger is never quite wanting. Those who have moved through the forests and along the streams can tell many a tale of

The First Pioneers

adventures with lions and leopards, with crocodiles and hippopotami—crocs and hippos as they are familiarly called. Sometimes a boat is upset by a hippo or a boatman carried off by a croc. Once when Dr. Laws and Dr. Elmslie were camping in the open, they were wakened through the night by a lion tearing their tent down. And a lady missionary of our acquaintance can tell of a leopard which took possession of her verandah one night, attacked her bedroom door with its claws, and finally leapt on to the roof of the cottage and began to tear off the thatch, which was its only covering.

But in those early days there were other and special dangers. Around the settlers there were fierce savages who often showed themselves unfriendly, while Arab slave-hunters hated them with a heartiness due not only to the invariable antipathy of the Crescent to the Cross, but to a premonition that the coming of this little band of Christian men presaged the downfall of their profitable traffic. Above all fever raged continually at Cape Maclear, and death was busy. "A queer country this," a visitor to Africa once said to Dr. Laws, "where

The Wild Angoni .

the only things of interest you have to show me are the graves." "Yes," replied the doctor, "but they are the milestones of Christianity to the regions beyond." Milestones of this kind were frequent at first, and by and by it became evident that Cape Maclear was little better than a "white man's grave." In order, therefore, to secure a healthier site, as well as one which would be more central for the command of the whole lake, the headquarters of the settlement were transferred to Bandawé, nearly midway up the western shore.

The wisdom of this change was soon abundantly proved. Bandawé was not only much healthier, but lay in the heart of a populous district, with ready access to several large and influential tribes. The work of the Mission began to extend with wonderful rapidity along the lake coast and far into the interior. But success itself brought fresh dangers and trials.

One of the greatest difficulties lay in the perpetual onslaughts made upon the more peaceful people of the lake shore by the fierce Angoni warriors of the west. These Angoni were descended from a branch of the great

The Wild Angoni

Zulu family, and were possessed of all the characteristics of that brave but cruel race. Their fathers had crossed the Zambesi from the south, and carried death and terror all over Nyasaland and right on to Tanganyika. Their chief settlements were on the uplands to the west of Bandawé, and none suffered more from their periodical and merciless raids than the tribes in the neighbourhood of the Mission. For fear of the Angoni these poor people, who lived largely by fishing, were compelled to huddle themselves by the thousand within stockades, or to build their houses on piles in deep water (recalling the "crannogs" of our Celtic ancestors), or on rocky islets scattered about over the surface of the lake. When the white men came to Bandawé great numbers of the natives settled in the immediate vicinity, hoping to be safe under their protection. A great protection the missionaries undoubtedly were, and yet the history of Livingstonia in those days was constantly overcast by the shadow of brutal and pitiless massacre. Every now and then a band of the Angoni would make a rush by night upon a defenceless

The Wild Angoni

village, stabbing the inhabitants with their cruel, broad-bladed spears; and in the morning, when word came to Dr. Laws and he set out to do all that could be done by medical skill and Christian pity, he would find scores of unfortunate victims lying on the ground weltering in their own blood. "The Bandawé Mission journal," says Mr. Jack, the historian of Livingstonia, "reads in some places like the history of a bloody campaign, owing to the frequent attacks of these mountain warriors."

Expostulations with these people in their heathen state was useless, for murder for its own sake was part of their very life and creed. It soon became evident that the only way of turning them from their paths of blood was to turn them into Christians. A young converted Kaffir called William Koyi, who knew the Zulu language, was settled amongst them in the first place, and did his best to teach them a higher way of life. He was of course in constant peril, and day by day there went on all around him things which were enough to break even an African's heart, and which by and by sent him prematurely to his grave.

A Raid and a Rescue

“A woman carrying a pot of beer would be killed in broad daylight in order to get the beer and prevent detection. A scream would be heard in the evening, and on inquiring the cause he would be told that it was a worn-out slave who had been put out for the hyenas to devour, as being no longer able to take care of himself. Skeletons of persons murdered were to be seen lying about many villages and in the bush.”

Still Koyi's life and words were not without their impression, and when Dr. Laws secured from Scotland in Dr. Elmslie a medical missionary for the Angoni themselves, a striking work of reformation began among these savages. Not all at once, however, for there were sections of the tribe which were unwilling to give up their former practices, and several years after Dr. Elmslie's arrival there took place in a village beside the lake one of the worst raids in the whole experience of the Mission. A band of Angoni crept down through the night upon the hapless people. At the door of every hut a full-armed warrior took his stand and ordered the inmates to come out. As they

A Raid and a Rescue

appeared, the men and boys were immediately dispatched with spears, while the girls and women were seized and bound with bark ropes. In the morning no male was left in the place, and more than 300 captive women sat trembling on the ground, the Angoni meantime feasting themselves on the food and beer of their victims.

But even here this tale of bloodshed does not end. During the night a fugitive had succeeded in carrying word of these events to a station about twelve miles off, where there were two white men, agents of the African Lakes Company. These brave fellows resolved to make an attempt to rescue the women. Seizing their guns and gathering a force of about 100 natives, they made a rapid march upon the village. But no sooner did the Angoni see them advancing than they determined to slaughter their captives wholesale rather than allow them to escape. And so before the very eyes of the rescue-party there began a horrible scene—women screaming for mercy, women wrestling for dear life with armed savages, women and girls writhing in their death agonies on the

A Great "Indaba"

ground. A sharp fight followed between the Angoni and the traders, but after the former were driven off, a missionary in the locality who had hurried to the spot found that while about 200 of the women and girls had been saved, 132 of them were speared to death, and all around the bush was full of dead and wounded men and boys.

It is one of the triumphs of the Livingstonia Mission that this whole Angoni people, who once lived solely for war, are now peaceful subjects of King Edward. On September 2nd, 1904, they placed themselves by their own free act under the administration of the British Government. Sir Alfred Sharpe, H.M. Commissioner for British Central Africa, accompanied by Lady Sharpe as well as by several of the Livingstonia missionaries, met the Angoni nation in a great *indaba*, and arranged to their complete satisfaction the terms on which Angoniland was taken over by Great Britain. One of the conditions was that the police force should be entirely drawn from the Angoni themselves ; another that Yakobé, a nephew of one of their own chiefs and a man who received

A Great "Indaba"

his education at the Livingstonia Institution, should be appointed the head of this native police. The change wrought by years of Christian teaching is significantly shown by the fact that throughout the whole *indaba* the Commissioner was unattended by a single armed soldier, and that, armed himself with nothing but paper and pencil, and with his wife by his side, he sat all day in the midst of thousands of Angoni warriors in all their panoply of shields and spears.

The following month there appeared in the *Aurora*, a journal which is published in Livingstonia in the English language, and is entirely set up and printed by natives, a graphic account of the day's proceedings from the pen of one of the missionaries who was present. With much justice he remarks that the scene inevitably suggested other and very different chapters in the history of the expansion of the British Empire. "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war," and in this case the teaching and influence of a little band of Christian men and women have gained a province for the British Crown without the firing of a

The Arab War

single shot or the shedding of a drop of human blood.

But even more distressing at one time than the raids of the Angoni were the ravages of the Arab slave-traders throughout Nyasaland. And hereby hangs another chapter in the romantic tale of Livingstonia. Over the Angoni the white men always had some influence, but over the Arabs they had none. It was contrary to their principles to take up arms against them, and so they had to look on while outrage and murder were perpetrated, all that they could do being to make their stations sanctuaries where at least the escaped captives would be safe and free. Even this right, however, was challenged by the Arabs, who by and by in certain districts of the country declared open war upon the white men, including along with the missionaries the agents of the African Lakes Company, which, as will presently be explained, stood, and still stands, to the Mission in a very close relation of sympathy and co-operation. Out of a multitude of episodes in this Arab war one may be selected which in its thrilling character, as Mr. Jack very fitly says,

The Arab War

recalls the defence of the Residency at Lucknow during the heroic days of the Indian Mutiny.

Mlozi, one of the greatest of the Arab traders, proclaimed himself Sultan of a large district near the head of the lake, and intimated to the whole Kondé tribe that they must consider themselves his slaves. To escape from his tyranny many of the people flocked to Karonga, where the African Lakes Company had a station under the charge of Mr. L. M. Fotheringham ; whereupon Mlozi besieged the station with a force of five hundred men armed with rifles. Fortifying his post as well as he could, Mr. Fotheringham sent word to Mr. Bain, the nearest missionary, asking for his help. By a forced march of twenty hours Mr. Bain succeeded in reaching Karonga and making his way into the station. Shortly after there arrived most opportunely from the other side of the lake four additional white men, including Dr. Tomory, of the London Missionary Society, and Mr. Alfred (now Sir Alfred) Sharpe, who has since risen to the distinguished position of H.M. Commissioner for British Central Africa.

The Arab War

For five days and nights the Arabs poured in an incessant fire upon this little band of six Europeans assisted by about fifty armed natives. The defence was conducted with much skill and courage. Deep pits were dug in the sands for the women and children, while behind barriers of boxes and bales the fighting men kept the Arabs at bay. The escape of the party with their lives was almost miraculous, for often on waking from a brief nap snatched in the trenches, they would find their pockets full of sand kicked up by the bullets which had been sputtering all around them while they slept. It would have gone hard with them, however, if one of their number had not managed to make his way through the ring of besiegers, and to secure the help of a neighbouring and friendly tribe. He got back just in the nick of time with five thousand of the Wamwanga behind him, and thus reinforced the defenders soon drove off the Arabs in confusion. For two years this state of war continued in Nyasaland, till at length the British Government felt itself obliged to interfere in the interests of humanity as well as of

African Lakes Corporation

its own subjects. In 1892 a Protectorate was proclaimed, and on the hoisting of the British flag the slave-hunters speedily disappeared, and the people of Nyasaland had rest.

Reference has been made more than once to the African Lakes Company, and its relation to the Livingstonia Mission should now be explained. From the very first, Dr. Laws and his fellow-workers had done what they could to promote industry and commerce among the natives. It was a step forward when the Doctor introduced money into the country, and taught the people the immense advantage of a currency. At first they were rather slow to appreciate the benefit, but before long they became so fully alive to the superiority of coin over calico as a medium of exchange that some of the more cunning ones would hand in a button and say with an air of innocence, "Will you please exchange my money?"

But however convinced the missionaries might be of the truth of Dr. Livingstone's saying, that to teach the Africans to cultivate for our markets was, next to the Gospel, the most effectual means of their elevation, it was



INSIDE A MASAI KRAAL



MASAI WOMAN ERECTING A KRAAL

Shows the outside of the kraal

African Lakes Corporation

of course impossible for them to become traders; they had other and more important work to do. Accordingly some of the same philanthropic Christian men in Scotland who had been most active in founding the Livingstonia Mission now conceived the idea of forming a company which, while established on sound business lines, should have as one of its principal objects the promotion of the cause of Christian civilization in East Central Africa. The leader in this enterprise was Mr. James Stevenson, of Glasgow, who will always be remembered in the region of the great lakes by his special and splendid gift of the road which is called after him the Stevenson Road. It is a ten-foot road, involving some difficult feats of engineering, which runs all the way from the north end of Lake Nyasa to the south end of Lake Tanganyika, a distance of more than two hundred miles.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the blessings both positive and negative which the African Lakes Corporation, as it is now called, has conferred upon the whole of the vast region which lies between Lake Tanganyika and the

Transformation

mouths of the Zambesi. It has revolutionized the means of transit by its steamers on the rivers and lakes and by its opening of roads, it has awakened and stimulated the spirit of industry in the natives, and has both created new and higher tastes and made plentiful provision for the growing demands. Negatively it has been a blessing by rigidly keeping out gunpowder and strong drink, and by destroying any hankering on the part of the chiefs after the old traffic in slaves, through its readiness to pay better prices than the Arabs ever gave, and also to supply European goods more cheaply. The chiefs know now that it is "highly unprofitable to sell a man, when they can get quite as much for a canoe load of potatoes."

The operations of the Livingstonia Mission now cover an area of thousands of square miles—along the Lake shore, up the Stevenson Road, and far out to the west. Of its various stations and agencies—evangelistic, medical, educational, and industrial—it is impossible to speak in detail. But the heart and soul of all is the "Institution," now called the Overtoun Institution, in honour of Lord Overtoun, to

Transformation

whose munificent generosity it has all along been deeply indebted. Standing on a lofty and healthy plateau, a few hours' climb above the lake and about a hundred miles north of Bandawé, it is a veritable hive of varied industry. Into its schools pupils are gathered from all parts of the country and from different tribes speaking quite distinct languages. Here young men are trained as evangelists or as dispensary and hospital assistants, while others are taught bookkeeping and fitted to become clerks in the service of the Government or of the Lakes Company. Carpentry, bricklaying, engineering, printing, and other useful trades are imparted by skilled artisans from Scotland. Here, too, under a scientific agriculturist, there is carried on a work of gardening, farming, and arboriculture, for which the British Government has made a free grant to the Mission of one hundred square miles of land. The beautiful Manchewé Falls have been bridled, so as to supply the plateau with electric light as well as with motor power to drive machinery. A splendid zigzag road has been cut from the lake right up the precipitous shoulders of Mount

A Dream-City

Waller, on the summit of which the Institution stands. The Institution is provided with the telegraph and telephone, it rejoices in a literary and debating society, a periodical of its own, and many another fruit of civilization. All this besides the work which day by day lies nearest to its heart—the work of Christian evangelization, by means of which so many thousands of persons, young and old, have been brought into the faith and fellowship of the Christian Church.

In the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland in 1874, before Livingstonia had begun to be, the late Dr. Stewart of Lovedale made a speech proposing that such a Mission should be founded, in which he drew a picture of a beautiful dream-city of the future that had risen up before his mind. It is not too much to say that the foundation stones of this city of dream and hope have already been laid :—

“What I would now humbly suggest as the truest memorial of Livingstone is—the establishment by this Church, or several Churches together, of an institution at once industrial and educational, to teach the truths of the

A Dream-City

Gospel and the arts of civilized life to the natives of the country; and which shall be placed on a carefully selected and commanding spot in Central Africa, where, from its position and capabilities, it might grow into a town, and afterwards into a city, and become a great centre of commerce, civilization, and Christianity. And this I would call LIVINGSTONIA."

For the most part the narrative is based upon Mr. Jack's *Daybreak in Livingstonia* (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), with an Introduction by Dr. Laws, in which the history of the Livingstonia Mission is carried up to 1900. Use has also been made of Dr. Livingstone's *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries*, Dr. Elmslie's *Among the Wild Ngoni*, and the pages of the *Aurora*.

VORTREKKERS IN BAROTSELAND

CHAPTER IV

VORTREKKERS IN BAROTSELAND

The three horsemen of the Great Kei River—François Coillard—Trekking northwards—In the clutches of Lobengula—In Khama's country—The Makari-kari Desert—The Upper Zambesi—King Lewanika of Barotseland—A canoe voyage—Adventure with the Balubale—The coming of the Iron Horse.

ON an autumn day in the year 1875 three horsemen rode out of King William's Town in the Cape Colony, and turned their faces to the north for the long journey to Basutoland, a distance of 300 miles, which lay before them. As they rode on side by side, they talked earnestly about a movement, in which they were all deeply interested, for extending the influence of the French Protestant Mission in Basutoland into the vast region to the north between the Limpopo and Zambesi rivers—virgin soil in those days so far as Christian teaching was concerned. Of the three one was a soldier, Major Malan by name. He was a Swiss by birth, who had

Trekking Northwards

become an officer in the British army, but had resigned his commission in order to devote himself to Christian work among the native races of Africa. The other two, M. Coillard and M. Mabile, were Frenchmen, agents of the celebrated Basutoland Mission carried on by Protestants from France. These two had already done their part in building up a strong native Church among the valleys of that "Switzerland of South Africa," and now they were lifting up their eyes to wider horizons and thinking of the needs of the tribes to the far north.

When the trio reached the Great Kei River they plunged in and made the crossing. As they landed on the northern bank a common impulse seized them, and springing from their horses they knelt down under the shadow of a bush and devoted themselves before God to the new enterprise on which they had set their hearts. Then when they had remounted, Major Malan, as if he had been leading a cavalry charge, waved his hat, spurred his horse, and galloped up the hill with his two friends fast at his heels, shouting in his enthusiasm, "Three

Trekking Northwards

soldiers ready to conquer Africa." These men meant what they said. That incident marked the origin of the Barotse Mission. And it is of one of the three, M. Coillard, and how he fulfilled the vow he took beneath that bush by the Kei River, that this chapter is to tell.

When the honour of leading an expedition to the north of the Limpopo was entrusted to M. Coillard by the Church of Basutoland, he was no tyro in the work of the pioneer. In fact he had been pioneering already for twenty years. For most of that time he and his wife, a brave Scotchwoman, had been content to live in a waggon, after the fashion of the South African "vortrekker," or at best in a poor hut. He had lately built himself a comfortable house and planted a garden round it; but of the fruit of that garden Madame Coillard and he were never to eat. The rest of their lives was to be spent in seeking to do for the tribes of the Zambesi what they had already done for the Basuto people.

Starting from Basutoland with four native catechists as well as with his wife and niece, a girl of eighteen, M. Coillard trekked with

In the Clutches of Lobengula

his ox caravan right through the territories of the Transvaal Republic, crossed the Limpopo, and plunged into a trackless wilderness where, like sailors on the ocean, they had nothing to guide them but their compass and the stars. Their first rude experience was at the hands of Masonda, a cowardly and treacherous Mashona chief. He received them with great protestations of friendship, but the very next day tried to decoy them to the edge of a frightful precipice, with the view of hurling them down. Being frustrated in his murderous plan, he sought some compensation in robbing them of seventeen of their oxen before he would allow them to leave his country.

They had not long escaped from the clutches of this rascal when they fell into the hands of a savage still more dangerous because much more powerful—the redoubtable Lobengula, king of the Matabele. A band of Lobengula's men seized them and dragged them off to Bulawayo, at that time the capital of the Matabele, on the charge of having entered the king's territory without his permission. For three weeks they were hurried by forced marches

In Khama's Country

across a very rough country, while every comfort was denied them. Even to wash in a way-side stream was a crime, respect for this black monarch requiring them to appear in his presence with all the dirt and sweat of the three weeks upon them as a proof that they had obeyed his summons with the utmost alacrity. When they came in sight of Bulawayo they were met by a witch doctor, who performed a ceremony of exorcism. Dipping a gnu's tail in a slimy green mixture, he applied this spiritual disinfectant liberally to every member of the company, back and front. For M. Coillard, as a rival sorcerer, he reserved a double dose of his medicine, dashing the liquid into his face and all over his clothes.

For nearly four months Lobengula kept the Coillards prisoners, but finally he contented himself with expelling them from his country, and forbidding them ever to return to Matabeleland. There seemed no alternative now but to retreat, and so with heavy hearts the little caravan made their way for hundreds of miles to the south-west till they reached Khama's country, where that well-known Christian chief,

In Khama's Country

then quite a young man, received them with the utmost kindness. He warmly approved of their purpose to push northwards, and did all in his power to further their plans. And as a good deal of communication went on between his own country and that of Lewanika, king of the Barotse on the Upper Zambesi, he sent a body of envoys along with M. Coillard all the way to Barotseland, to urge upon Lewanika the advisability of welcoming the white teachers. It was largely through Khama's influence that the way was thus finally opened up for an advance to the very threshold of Central Africa.

Having returned to the south and also made a voyage to Europe for the furtherance of his new plans, M. Coillard was at length in a position to trek to the north again. This time he was accompanied not only by Basuto helpers, but by a young Swiss clergyman, M. Jeanmairet, and by two white artisans, one English and the other Scotch, whose services proved absolutely invaluable to the enterprise. In the interval Barotseland had been visited by Mr. F. S. Arnot, of whom something will be said in another chapter. He had spent a consider-

The Makari-kari Desert

able time in Lewanika's capital, facing endless privations and trials, but had at length been compelled by illness to leave the unhealthy Zambesi basin and start on that long march to Benguela which led him eventually to the Garen-ganze country. It was to take up and carry on the work which Arnot had tried to begin that M. Coillard now turned his face towards the Upper Zambesi.

Having once more reached Khama's country, the caravan next crossed the Makari-kari Desert, with its swamps and sands, its almost impenetrable jungles of thorn, its dreary death-like solitudes. Here dwell the Bushmen, the Masaroa, as they are called by the tribes of the Zambesi basin. These people would have proved troublesome but for the fact that Khama, whose strong arm was respected over all that region, had once more sent a party of his men to accompany the travellers all the way to their destination. After the desert came vast virgin forests. Through these the cumbrous waggons with their long teams of oxen, so suitable for movement on the open veldt, could only be forced with heart-breaking toil and to the destruction of

King Lewanika of Barotseland

nearly everything that was breakable. Constant zigzags were indispensable, but in spite of all care in trying to get round the trees an unexpected branch would every now and then make a clean sweep of a waggon, so that portmanteaus, trunks, tool-boxes, books, and haberdashery lay in wild confusion on the ground.

At length to their intense delight they came in sight of the great river just where the Upper Zambesi joins its waters with those of the Chobe. But their difficulties were far from over. The cruelties of Lewanika had brought about a revolution in Barotseland; the king had been driven into exile, and the whole country was in a state of anarchy. It was impossible in the meantime to proceed up the river to the capital, and for months the expedition could do little but wait on the turn of events. At length there came a counter-revolution. Lewanika was restored to the throne, and signalized his triumph by a massacre of the rebel chiefs, their children also being put to death without exception, while their wives were divided among the conquerors. After all this had taken place, Lewanika gave permission to M. Coillard to advance into the

King Lewanika of Barotseland

heart of Barotseland and to begin work not far from Lealuyi, as the capital was called.

Seldom has pioneer work been carried on in the face of more crushing difficulties and bitter disappointments than those which were encountered for several years by this heroic Frenchman and his colleagues. It soon turned out that Lewanika cared nothing for the introduction of Christianity among his people ; all that he wanted was to reap material advantages from the presence of the white men in his country. Whatever was theirs he considered to be his, and when he found them less pliable than his own cringing subjects, he treated them to threats and studied insults, or tried to starve them out by a system of boycott in which all the markets were closed against them. Meanwhile they had to witness day by day the worst horrors of African barbarism—the inhumanities of the slave trade, the fruits of a universal belief in witchcraft, the open practice of murder. Slave children were offered to the Coillards whom they could not buy, and yet they knew that to refuse might be to sign the death-warrant of a child. It was impossible to walk a few

King Lewanika of Barotseland

steps from their door without striking their feet against a skull or a collection of half-charred human bones, marking the spot where men and women had been burned alive. Whoever gave the slightest offence to Lewanika was at once ordered off to execution. But most painful of all were the witchcraft ordeals which constantly went on. If misfortune came to any one he had only to accuse a neighbour of having used sorcery against him, and the accused must submit to trial by ordeal. The method in Barotseland was by boiling water. A pot of water was set on a large fire. As soon as the water boiled the poor wretch had to plunge his hands into it, and if the skin peeled off, as of course it almost invariably did, he was at once dragged away to a cruel death. From this fate no one was safe, man or woman, young or old, chief or slave.

But the power of truth, backed by such patience and heroism as were shown by the Coillards, gradually began to tell. Lewanika grew ashamed of his cruelties, and came to have a larger sense of his responsibilities as the master of a vast territory stretching from the

King Lewanika of Barotseland

Kalahari Desert on the south to the watershed between the Congo and the Zambesi systems on the north. He was naturally a most intelligent man, possessed of a mechanical skill exceedingly rare in an African prince. He had a workshop of his own in which he spent his leisure hours, and could turn out almost anything he wanted, from a canoe to a harmonica or a delicately carved ivory bracelet. Canoe-building was a speciality of the Barotse, for like all the Zambesians they are essentially a river people. But the state-barge of the king's own designing, sixty feet long and manned by fifty rowers, was a structure of which the whole nation was proud. Though his heart was difficult to reach, his intelligence and ambition could be appealed to, and by and by he grew eager to see education, industry, and civilization develop among his people. As the representatives of all these good things, he came to trust M. Coillard and his colleagues, and to favour the progress of Christianity among his subjects.

When he had at length secured a firm footing in the capital, Coillard began to think of the

A Canoe Voyage

various tribes on the higher reaches of the Zambesi, which were more or less under Lewanika's sway, and one of the most interesting chapters of his striking book, *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, is that which tells of a voyage of exploration far up towards the sources of the river. He was accompanied by forty men in a flotilla of ten canoes, and, in order that canoeing might be easy, the expedition was made at a time shortly after the height of the annual floods, when the Zambesi Valley was all under water. The plain at this season "is a floating prairie, enamelled with flowers; rosetted water-lilies, with their delicate tints of blue, pink, and white; and a kind of convolvulus which proudly erects her great magenta trumpets, only dipping them reluctantly as our canoes go by. But it is also diversified by tall grass and reeds, through which we have to force our way."

Far up the river they met a venerable man, nearly blind, who had seen Livingstone, and who pointed out a spot where the great traveller had camped and which was still known by his name. When Coillard spoke of Jesus he

Adventure with the Balubale

listened attentively and said, "It is just what Nyaka (i.e. 'The Doctor') used to say." In one place where the Mission party held a meeting with the people and sang a hymn, they were astonished to find that all present could join in it heartily. "Who taught it to you?" they asked; and the people shouted, "Bangueta." Then M. Coillard saw how the seed he had been sowing had silently spread like "bread cast upon the waters," for Bangueta had been a pupil in his own school at Lealuyi.

At length they reached a district so far up the river that Lewanika's name was no longer the protection it had hitherto been. They were now in the country of the Balubale, whose chief was called Kakenge. A mob of young men armed with guns met them, who demanded to know what the white man meant by coming into Kakenge's country with a band of Barotse, and without having obtained his permission. They also sought to exact the homage or tax which Kakenge imposed upon all traders coming to that land. Coillard told them that he was not a merchant or even a traveller, but a *Moruti*, i.e. a teacher, and that he had come

Adventure with the Balubale

among them to teach the things of God. They took him into the presence of the king, who was throned on a stool, clothed in a coloured blanket, and shaded by an enormous blue cotton umbrella held by a slave. All Coillard's explanations were treated by Kakenge as lies, and after breaking into a passionate speech, he suddenly turned his back on the missionary and disappeared into his harem.

Things were looking bad, especially as the expedition had been refused all food since coming to Kakenge's country, and by this time they were nearly starving. But the situation grew still more serious when two of M. Coillard's men, who had contracted blood-brotherhood with some of the Balubale, obtained secret information that out of pure hatred for the Barotse Kakenge had sworn to destroy the whole party, and had already given orders for their massacre.

That night not one of the company slept. All of them, heathen and Christian alike, were praying to God. And next day a wonderful change had come over Kakenge's mind, for he sent them a plentiful supply of millet and fowls

Wonderful Changes

and sweet potatoes, and when they went in a body to the court to thank him for his kindness, told them that he had come to believe in their good intentions, and asked them to forget his ill-temper of the past days.

This was the farthest point reached by M. Coillard in his advance from the south towards the heart of Africa; and at this point our account of the labours and wanderings of this brave and devoted Frenchman must stop. Those who wish to know more about him and his work will find the story fully told in his own book.

There have been wonderful changes on the Upper Zambesi in recent years. The Barotse kingdom now forms a part of that vast stretch of British African territory which is known as Rhodesia. King Lewanika himself has paid a visit to England and been presented at King Edward's Court. A mighty bridge now spans the Victoria Falls. Through the regions where Coillard once toiled slowly with his labouring teams the Cape to Cairo railway now carries its passengers in swift and luxurious ease. But nothing can dim the honour of the

A Christian Hero

heroic Christian “vortrekker” who left his home in the fair Basuto valleys more than a generation ago, and turned the poles of his ox-waggon towards the land beyond the Limpopo.

The material for the above chapter is drawn from M. Coillard's *On the Threshold of Central Africa* (Hodder and Stoughton).

A PIONEER IN GARENGANZE

CHAPTER V

A PIONEER IN GARENGANZE

King Msidi's letter—Garenganze—Fred S. Arnot—His earlier travels—The expedition from Benguela—An African camp—The beeswax hunters—Watershed of the continent—Reception by Msidi—A night with cheetahs and hyenas—Horrors of the slave traffic—The saviours of Africa.

SOME twenty years ago a young Scotchman, Fred S. Arnot by name, who was travelling from the Upper Zambesi towards Benguela on the West African coast, met a company of men from the far interior with a letter in their charge. The letter was sent by Msidi, king of Garenganze, and contained an earnest appeal that white men would come to his country. Arnot did not doubt that by white men Msidi meant traders, by whom he and his people might be enriched. He was no trader, but a pioneer missionary who had already crossed Africa from east to west seeking to do good to the native tribes, and who at that very time was wondering where it would be best for

Garenganze

him to settle down more permanently as a Christian teacher. Yet Msidi's appeal came to him with all the force of a personal call, and he decided that, as soon as he reached Benguela, he would make preparations for a march to the Garenganze country.

Garenganze lies to the west of Lakes Moero and Bangweolo, near the latter of which Dr. Livingstone died. It is thus in the very heart of Central Africa, some 1500 miles each way from the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic. It has now been absorbed by the Congo Free State, but at that time it was a powerful independent kingdom. The people, judged by an African standard, had attained to some measure of civilization; and King Msidi, in the same comparative sense, was an able and enlightened monarch. The country was one of the most densely populated in that part of the continent, famed far and near for the abundance of its corn, rice, sugar-cane, and other agricultural products; and not less for its copper mines, which were worked by the inhabitants, who cleansed and smelted the copper out of the ore with remarkable skill. Up to 1886, the year of

Fred S. Arnot

Arnot's arrival, only two Europeans had visited Msidi's dominions—a German traveller from the East and a Portuguese from the south ; and in both cases the visits were very brief. Livingstone had never reached Garenganze, though he was drawing near it when he died at Ilala, not far from the shores of Lake Bangweolo.

But though Livingstone himself never entered Garenganze, it was a pioneer of Livingstone's own type who first brought the Christian Gospel to Msidi's people. Fred S. Arnot may be described as one of the most remarkable of the many heroes of African travel, not so much for what he actually accomplished as for the manner and spirit in which he accomplished it. It is here that he especially reminds us of Dr. Livingstone. His methods of progress were not those of the well-equipped and hustling explorer, but of the lonely wanderer who makes his way, quietly, patiently, and in the spirit of love, from village to village and from tribe to tribe. He had already served his apprenticeship to African travel. Landing in Natal in 1881, he had slowly trekked through the Orange Free State and the Transvaal to Khama's

Fred S. Arnot

country, had next crossed the awful Kalahari Desert, and so made his way to the Zambesi. A whole year was occupied in this journey, which brought with it many experiences of danger and suffering. Repeatedly he had been on the point of perishing from hunger or thirst. Once, after marching in the desert for three days and nights without a drop of water, he met some Bushmen, who supplied him with a drink after their own fashion. They dug a pit in the sand, and sank long tubes made of reeds into the ground at the bottom. By and by water began to gather, as they knew it would, at the sunk end of the tube. They invited Arnot to drink. He tried, but was quite unable to suck the water up the long tube. The Bushmen, whom frequent practice had made adepts in the art, accordingly sucked it up for him, and then spat it out into a tortoise shell and handed it to the stranger. "It was frothy stuff," he writes, "as you may imagine; but I enjoyed it more than any draught I ever took of Loch Katrine water."

His ways of getting food had sometimes been peculiar also. On the Zambesi he often de-

Fred S. Arnot

pended for his supper on the crocodiles, which are very plentiful in that great river. Not that he ate those loathsome reptiles, but he was thankful at least to share their meals. When one of the larger game comes down to the river to drink, the crocodile creeps up stealthily, seizes the animal by the nose, drags it under water, and then hides the body under the river bank until it becomes almost putrid. When it is "high" enough to suit his taste, Master Croc brings it to the surface and enjoys a feast. The hungry traveller used to lie on the bank and watch one of those animals as it rose, with perhaps a quarter of an antelope in its jaws. Then he fired at its head and compelled it to drop its supper, and in this way provided himself with his own. He admits that it was anything but a dainty repast.

Coming at last to the malarious Barotse Valley on the Upper Zambesi, he settled down there for two years, doing what he could to teach the people and to wean them from their habitual cruelties. But at last his health completely broke down, and he decided to march for the west coast in the company of Senhor

The Expedition from Benguela

Porto, a Portuguese traveller who was going in that direction. It shows the stuff of which Arnot was made that, in spite of his reduced condition, he decided to ride on an ox, instead of being carried like his fellow-traveller in a *machila* or hammock. The reason he gave was that "that would be too comfortable a way of travelling, and might make me discontented and extravagant at other times." It was on this journey from the Barotse Valley to Benguela that he fell in with the messengers of King Msidi, as mentioned above, and resolved to make Garenganze the goal of another expedition in the interior.

It was in the beginning of June, 1885, that he set out on this journey, which was to occupy between eight and nine months. In its earlier stages the march lay along a well-trodden route in Portuguese territory, from Benguela to Bihé. First came the low-lying desert region between Benguela and Cantumbela, which is just at the foot of the hills that mark the beginning of the lower section of the characteristic African plateau. These hills climbed, he found himself for a time in a fertile



IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE SLAVE TRADER

Typical African Characters

tropical country ; but by and by another and a higher table-land rose before him, on climbing which he passed so suddenly out of the climate of the tropics that he could almost mark the line of demarcation between trees like the baobab and the more familiar vegetation of the temperate zone.

At Bihé Arnot had no end of difficulty in getting porters to accompany him on his tramp into the unknown regions which now stretched before him like an unexplored ocean. But at length he succeeded in gathering a motley company, some of the members of which he has sketched for us as typical African characters :—

“Chipooka stammers as he speaks, but is lively under all circumstances ; has a bad festering toe, which, however, does not prevent him carrying his sixty-pound load. Though limping badly, his only response to expressions of sympathy is a broad grin. Saombo is another representative man, perfectly hideous in his looks, but vanity has made his ugliness appear comical. All who come to the camp, he seems to think, have come to see him. So, as soon as a few strangers gather, he is not prepared

An African Camp

for more hut-building or wood-cutting, but must go and sit down in front of them, laughing and clapping his thighs with delight, and trying to crack jokes. Then we have the sulky grumbler amongst us, who has always something to complain of. Now his load is not right, next his rations, then his pay ; or a thorn pricks his foot, and he can carry no longer that day. The work has to be done, but certainly not by him."

Besides his men and his horned steed, for once more he took an ox as his bearer, Arnot numbered on his camp-roll a faithful dog and a parrot. Senhor Porto, his recent companion, was accustomed to carry a cock with him on his travels by way of an animated chronometer, whose morning crows announced to all that it was time to commence the day's march. Arnot found a cock unnecessary, the cooing of the wood-pigeons being a sufficient signal to his men that dawn had come and that it was time to be stirring. But he recommends a parrot as a valuable addition to the resources of an African caravan. His Poll was of great service in keeping up the spirit of his boys. It was a

An African Camp

true Mark Tapley of a bird, seeming as if it watched for opportunities when there would be some credit in being jolly. When every one was dull and depressed it would suddenly make some ridiculous remark or break out in imitation of an old man's laugh. So it relieved the monotony of the march, and put the weary carriers into good humour again.

Mr. Arnot gives us a clear picture of the daily routine of an African journey. By break of day the camp is astir, for the porters are always anxious to get well along the road in the cool of the morning. Breakfast they do not trouble about, being content to have one good meal at the close of the day. They buckle on their belts, shoulder their loads of 60 lb. each, and trot off through the forest. Probably some one begins a solo in a high key, and all join lustily in the chorus. One or two halts are made, and there may be considerable delay when rivers have to be crossed. But for the most part all press on steadily for the next camping-place, which is generally reached by noon.

When a site for the camp has been fixed

An African Camp

upon, some of the party are sent out to the nearest villages to buy food—the staple diet being maize meal made into a thick porridge, of which an African will consume an astonishing quantity. Meanwhile the others busy themselves with erecting shelters for the night. Poles are cut down in the forest, and stacked after the manner in which soldiers pile their rifles. Against these, branches are rested, and if it is the rainy season a thatching of the long African grass is added. Then fires are kindled to cook the supper, and these are kept up through the night to scare away wild beasts. An African camp at night, says Mr. Arnot, would make a fine picture on canvas—the blazing fires; the black faces clustered round them; the men singing, talking, laughing; and all about a pitchy darkness, made doubly deep by the dense shadows of bush and forest. Every night it was the leader's habit to sit with his men around the camp fires, trying in every possible way to convey to them intelligent thoughts as to his mission. He felt that it was of the first importance that they should understand something about his message and his

The Beeswax Hunters

motive in bringing it, and so should be able to give an answer to the thousands of natives who would be sure to bombard them with questions as to who this white man was and why he had come.

One of the districts traversed by the caravan was the Chibowke country, a land of beeswax hunters, who spend weeks on end in the depths of the forest gathering beeswax to sell to the Bihé traders, and living meanwhile on little else than wild honey. A high region was crossed where one day, in the space of two or three hours, they saw the fountain-heads of streams which flow respectively into the Congo and the Zambesi, and so ultimately into the Atlantic on the one side of the continent and the Indian Ocean on the other. Then came a wide tract where population was scanty and food scarce, and Arnot had a good deal of trouble with his men. They demanded more rations, and especially more meat. One day they flung down their loads crying, "Monare" (their name for Arnot), "give us meat. Why don't you hunt? You are starving us." Anxious though he was to press on, he saw that there was nothing for

Heroic Surgery

it but to devote the day to hunting. He seized his gun, forgetting that it was loaded, and as he was pulling off the cover, the charge suddenly went off, shattering the point of his left forefinger. There was no one with him who could dress a wound, and he thought it best to get one of the men to cut off the top joint according to his directions. The accident had a subduing effect on the men, who felt as if they were to blame for it ; and in spite of hunger they tramped on bravely. Starvation, however, had begun to stare them in the face when Arnot succeeded one day in shooting two wart-hogs, one of which weighed over 200 lb. and had tusks over a foot long. A time of feasting followed. And as the men marched along once more, their leader heard them saying : "Don't you remember what things we said of the white man and his God? What names we called them ! But the white man's God has been with us, and has filled our bodies with pig-meat."

The trials of the long journey were now nearly over. A few days more brought them to the Garenganze country, where, after so

Reception by Msidi

many days in a desert region, it was a delight to see fields of grain and abundance of food, and still more to be hospitably received on every hand. On reaching the capital Arnot expected to have an early interview with the king. But it was not Msidi's habit to welcome strangers all at once. For some time the white man was placed in a sort of quarantine, while various tests were employed by witch doctors and diviners to see whether his intentions were good or bad, and "whether his heart was as white as his skin." A little piece of bark, for instance, was placed at night in a certain decoction. If next morning the bark appeared quite sound, that showed that the heart of the new-comer was equally so. If, on the other hand, it was in the least decomposed, the inference was that his heart was rotten, and that he must not be trusted. Fortunately, after several days had been spent in experiments of this kind, everything turned out in Arnot's favour, and the king accorded him a public reception.

The reception was both friendly and imposing. Msidi, an elderly man with a white beard, folded his arms around the traveller in

Reception by Msidi

the most fatherly manner, and then introduced him to his wives, of whom he had 500, as well as to his numerous brothers, cousins, and other relatives. Arnot found that Livingstone's name was one to charm with. Msidi had heard of the Doctor's approach from the east in 1873 and of his death at Ilala, and was pleased to learn that his visitor was a man of peace and goodwill like Livingstone, and that he hailed from the same country. He begged Arnot to remain in Garenganze and to build himself a house on any site he pleased ; and this was the beginning of the Garenganze Mission.

For two years Arnot toiled on all alone in that remote land, making tours of exploration from the capital into the surrounding districts. In most places the people had never seen a white man before, and his appearance created a great sensation. The very print of his boots on the path was a portent. "His feet," they said, "are not a man's feet ; they are the feet of a zebra." He had many strange adventures and not a few narrow escapes. But perhaps his most trying experience was when he spent a whole night in the open, alone and in pitch

Cheetahs and Hyenas

darkness, surrounded by a ring of hungry wild beasts.

He had gone out in the company of a native to shoot antelopes at a time when food was scarce, and after a long tramp had succeeded in getting near to a herd and bringing down three. By this time, however, the sun was setting, and the dismal howl of the hyena began to be heard. The nearest village was far off, but Arnot sent his companion to bring assistance, resolving to keep guard himself over the game throughout the night. He had no means of kindling a fire, and to make matters worse, his ammunition was all expended, so that he had no weapons but an empty rifle and a hunting knife. One of the antelopes, which lay at a distance of about a hundred yards from the rest, he soon had to surrender, but he marched up and down beside the other two, shouting and stamping and making as much noise as possible. The cold grew so intense by and by that he drew his hunting knife and skinned one of the antelopes as best he could in the dark, rolled himself in the warm hide, and lay down on the ground. But no sooner had he

Horrors of the Slave Traffic

done this than he heard stealthy footsteps approaching, so that he had to spring up again. Only by rushing up and down for several hours, shouting all the time, was he able to keep his savage assailants at bay. When daylight came he saw from the footprints that he had been surrounded through the night by a band of hyenas and cheetahs. It was fortunate for him that no lions had been attracted to the spot.

For two years, as we have said, Arnot held this missionary outpost single-handed before any reinforcements arrived, and during all that time he never had a chance of receiving even a letter from the outer world. The oppression of this loneliness was increased by the heathen vices and cruelties which went on in Garengeze just as in other parts of Darkest Africa. All around him in particular the horrors of the slave-traffic prevailed, and infants were constantly done to death because their owners had no use for them. The slave-traders regarded them as positive nuisances, not only encumbering their mothers on the march, but preventing them from carrying loads of ivory or some other commodity. And as no one wanted to buy the

Horrors of the Slave Traffic

helpless little creatures, the slavers quite commonly flung them into a river or dashed out their brains against the trunk of a tree. As we read of the sights that were to be seen in Garengeze day by day, we do not wonder that the saying passed from mouth to mouth among the slave population, "Cheer up, slave! The Emperor (death) is coming along to save you."

One day the body of a fine little boy, with a fatal spear gash through and through, was picked up on the road. It was a child whose owner shortly before had pressed Arnot to take it. Another infant whom he had felt unable to accept was thrown into the bush and devoured by the beasts. And so he was led to resolve that he must at all costs save these poor slave children—a decision which soon brought him an embarrassing family of youngsters to whom he had to take the place of both father and mother.

Not less painful than the accompaniments of slavery was the prevalence of human sacrifice. Msidi never entered upon any enterprise without seeking to ensure himself of success by putting some one to death. No one knew

The Saviours of Africa

beforehand who the victim might be. The king simply said that So-and-so was to be taken, and straightway the appointed man or woman was led out to the slaughter.

There is a heroism of patient endurance and continuance as well as a heroism of bold achievement. It sometimes needs more courage to hold the trenches than to lead the forlorn charge. Arnot showed himself a hero in both kinds. His marches through Africa, first from Natal to the West Coast, and then again from Benguela to Garenganze, reveal some of the best qualities of the intrepid explorer. But his quiet persistence in his chosen work as a messenger of Christ, through loneliness and sickness, through danger and disappointment, tells of other qualities which are nobler and finer. It is men like this hero of Garenganze who are the true saviours of Africa.

Mr. Arnot's book, from which the above sketch is drawn, is entitled *Garenganze, or Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work in Central Africa* (London: James E. Hawkins).

A TRAMP THROUGH
THE GREAT PYGMY FOREST

CHAPTER VI

A TRAMP THROUGH THE GREAT PYGMY FOREST

Pygmyland—Mr. A. B. Lloyd—From Uganda to the Congo mouth—The Great Forest—Vegetable and animal life—Gorillas—The elephant and the zareba—"Don't shoot; it's a man!"—The friendly Pygmies—Appearance and habits—Pygmy worship—The Ituri River—"Riding on a snake"—Down the Congo—Pygmyland and the Kingdom of Christ.

OF Stanley's different expeditions to Africa the greatest, though in some respects the least successful, was the last, when he marched by way of the Congo for the relief of Emin Pasha. And of all the thrilling chapters of *In Darkest Africa*, where he tells the story of that long struggle against frightful difficulties, none are more fascinating than those in which he describes his march through the vast primeval forest of the Upper Congo and its tributary, the Aruwimi, and his encounters with the strange dwarfish people who dwell in that region of

Mr. A. B. Lloyd

interminable gloom. Rumours of the Pygmies had come to the civilized world from time to time, especially through the reports of Arab traders'; but few persons believed those rumours to have much more reality behind them than the tales of Baron Munchausen. Stanley proved, however, that the existence of the Pygmies was a fact and not a fable. And it was natural that a later traveller, who, in addition to Stanley's courage and love of adventure, possessed a large share of the missionary spirit, should visit the Great Forest with the view of learning something about the religion of the Pygmy folk, and particularly of seeing what prospect there might be of carrying the light of Christian civilization with success into that shadowy world in which this unknown people lived and died.

Mr. A. B. Lloyd, the hero of this enterprise, was a young missionary of the C.M.S. who had been working for some time in the district of Toro on the western side of the Uganda Protectorate, under the very shadow of the giant snow-capped peaks of Ruwenzori, anciently known as the Mountains of the Moon.

Mr. A. B. Lloyd

His experiences already had been of an exciting kind, for he had been in the thick of the fighting in Uganda during the year 1897, when the Soudanese troops mutinied, and Mwanga, the dethroned king, himself raised the standard of rebellion against the British rule. Primarily Mr. Lloyd's duties in the campaign had been to act as interpreter to the British forces and to give the wounded the benefit of such surgical skill as he possessed. But he was a good shot with a Martini rifle, and a "handy man" generally, who could work a Maxim gun in case of need. He did not hesitate, accordingly, as a loyal British subject, to play his part like a soldier in the suppression of the rebellion, along with the handful of white men who at that time represented Queen Victoria and the British flag in the heart of Africa. His companion and friend, the Rev. G. Pilkington, fell in the course of the fighting, and Mr. Lloyd himself had several narrow escapes in the eleven engagements in which he took part. At last, after a long period of great strain, a reaction came, and he was laid down with malarial fever. On recovering from the attack he was

Uganda to the Congo Mouth

ordered to give up his work for a time and leave for England in order to recruit.

In these circumstances ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have made for home from Uganda by the ordinary East Coast route, via Zanzibar. But Mr. Lloyd was the hundredth man, and he decided to strike westwards right across the continent, by way of the Pygmy Forest of the Upper Aruwimi. His preparations were soon made, for unlike Stanley he had no intention of advancing at the head of a small army. He secured as a guide a man who had once before passed through the forest; furnished himself with provisions for three months; gathered a few porters; and with a bicycle, a camera, a donkey, and a faithful little dog named Sally, set out upon his tramp into the unknown.

For the first stages of the journey the way was plain. The mighty mass of Ruwenzori, which barred direct progress to the west, had to be circumvented, and thereafter the route lay through a charming plain abounding in game, where to the delight of his followers Mr. Lloyd was able to supply them plentifully with

The Great Forest

elephant steak and antelope joints. After five or six days' pleasant marching a river was crossed which forms the boundary between the Uganda Protectorate and the Congo Free State, and four days' progress through King Leopold's territory brought the party to a Belgian fort called Mbeni, where they rested for two days. Here they saw running along the western horizon a long dark belt which, they were told, was the commencement of the Great Forest. Leaving Mbeni they made for the centre of this black line, and soon plunged into a mysterious region of darkness and solitude from which they were not to escape for many days.

The Great Forest of the Congo has an area of no less than 300,000 square miles—about six times the area of England not including Wales. The scenery which meets the traveller's eye is described by Mr. Lloyd as possessed of a beauty of its own—a beauty that is thoroughly weird and uncanny. Majestic trees tower up towards the sky to the height often of 200 feet, interlacing their foliage so closely that not even the rays of the tropical sun are able to

Vegetable and Animal Life

pierce through the dense barrier. The day at best is a dull twilight, while at night a blackness falls which might almost be described as solid. In spite of the want of sunshine, however, the vegetable life is wondrously profuse. Strange ferns and flowers spring on every hand, and gigantic creepers, with cables which are sometimes a foot in diameter, climb up the trunks and along the branches from tree to tree until the whole forest becomes a confused tangle of luxuriant growths.

The animal life is not less exuberant. Insects swarm and chirp and buzz on every hand. Birds of the most variegated plumage flit from bough to bough, some of them uttering deep musical sounds like the tolling of a bell, others of the parrot tribe whose only music is the harshest of screams. And there are other denizens of this vast woodland. "Elephants and buffalo are met with constantly, sometimes in herds, sometimes singly; wild pigs and forest antelope, many species of gazelles, chimpanzee, gorilla, and vast quantities of monkeys of every kind are seen; leopards, panthers, wild cats, civets, hyenas, and reptiles. Deadly

Gorillas

snakes will be found hanging from the branches of the trees, or curled up amongst the decaying vegetation beneath ; huge black adders, pythons, bright green snakes with wicked red eyes, whipcord snakes which look for all the world like green twigs. The forest is threaded with a network of rivers and streams, and all seemed full of fish. There are also crocodiles and hippos, water-snakes and lizards, leeches and slow-worms."

With the great majority of these animals the traveller was quite familiar, for, by the necessity of his calling, a pioneer missionary in Central Africa is something of a sportsman, since the very life of his followers and himself when on the march may depend on his skill in shooting game. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes he had often dealt with. The roar of the lion and the yelp of the leopard in search of its prey were familiar sounds to his ears. But he had not long entered the forest when evidence came of the near presence of the gorilla, an animal which is only to be found in Central Africa, and there only in the depths of "the forest primeval."

Gorillas

They had reached a particularly dark bit of the forest where no light at all seemed to come from the sky, so that, though it was only one p.m., a gloom as of night was all about them. Suddenly they heard a strange noise not far off, as of deep voices angrily quarrelling. For a moment every one was scared, but the guide assured them that it was nothing else than *nkima nkubwa* ("big monkeys"). The Belgians at Fort Mbeni had told Mr. Lloyd that he would probably meet with gorillas, and gorillas these doubtless were. But for the present he was quite content with hearing their voices, having no desire at the head of his unarmed porters to make their closer acquaintance.

For six days the little expedition fought its way through wood and jungle without meeting with any adventures of an especially thrilling kind. Every day, however, the difficulties of steady progress grew greater. The undergrowth seemed to get thicker and thicker as they advanced, and Mr. Lloyd had to walk in front of the line with an old sword-bayonet, chopping a way for himself and for the porters

Difficulties of the March

who followed with the loads. The guide, too, it soon turned out, was hopelessly at sea as to direction ; and so Mr. Lloyd had further to pilot his company as best he could with the help of a compass, trying to keep a north-westerly course with the view of striking the Ituri river, a principal affluent of the Aruwimi, and then of proceeding along its banks until they should emerge from the forest. Besides overcoming the obstacles presented by the tangles of bush and creeper, the caravan had every now and then to cross one or other of the numerous marshy streams which find their way through the forest, most of them being deep enough to take a man up to the armpits, and some of them so polluted with rotting vegetation as to be highly offensive to the smell.

A day's march under such conditions was very exhausting ; but the work of the day was far from over when the day's tramp was done. A piece of ground had to be cleared where a tent could be pitched, and a strong zareba or fence built round it as a protection against wild animals—leopards, panthers, and elephants—which gave the travellers many an uneasy

The Elephant and the Zareba

moment. Through the night they often heard elephants squealing loudly, and trampling through the bush in the immediate neighbourhood of their little camp. And one morning when Mr. Lloyd had risen early and gone out of the tent before any of his men were awake, he found a huge old tusker with its head over the zareba, "evidently in deep thought, and wondering what on earth this could mean."

Six days had passed since entering the forest, and not a trace of the Pygmies had anywhere been seen. Mr. Lloyd began to wonder if the Pygmy stories were really true. But on the seventh day, as he was walking in advance of the caravan, rifle in hand, accompanied by his black boy and looking out for a shot at some wild pigs which had been sighted shortly before, the boy stopped of a sudden, cried "Monkey!" and pointed towards the top of a high cotton-tree beneath which they were passing. Mr. Lloyd looked up, and there sure enough was a creature which from its size he took to be a gorilla. Now his men had been glad to eat monkey-meat before this when nothing better

Don't Shoot ; it's a Man !”

was to be had. So he raised his rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim, and was in the act of pulling the trigger when his boy hastily pulled his arm and exclaimed, “Don't shoot—it's a man !” At once he saw that the boy was right. It was a strongly built little man, who, seeing that he was observed, ran along the branch on which he stood, and jumping from tree to tree with the agility of a monkey, soon disappeared in the depths of the forest.

They had pitched their tent that same afternoon, and Mr. Lloyd had sat down at the tent door with a book in his hand intending to read for a little, when, on looking up, he saw a number of little faces peering at him through the thickets in front, and one in particular, which was nearer than the rest, peeping round the trunk of a huge tree that grew right opposite. The boys, who were cooking food for the evening meal, noticed the little people at the same time and sprang up in alarm, for they knew the Pygmies only by report, and thought of them as a kind of devils. For some time the white man and the dwarfs remained motionless,

The Friendly Pygmies

gazing silently at one another in a mutual fascination, though Mr. Lloyd felt all the while that at any moment he might be transfixed with a shower of poisoned arrows from the bows with which the Pygmies were armed. Stanley had characterized them as "malicious dwarfs," and his warlike company had been greatly harassed by them again and again. But at length it occurred to the missionary, still sitting peacefully in his camp-chair, to call out the ordinary salutation of the people of Toro ; and when he did so, to his great surprise one little man immediately returned the greeting in the same language. He then said, "Come here and let us talk together" ; and, very shyly, the nearest of the dwarfs crept forwards, followed by a few of the others, half covering his face with his hand and staring through his fingers at the white man in a sort of amazement.

As the Pygmies approached, Mr. Lloyd was struck first of all by their extreme shortness of stature, four feet being the average height of a full-grown man, but next by their exceedingly well-knit figures and powerful limbs. The one who replied to his salutation turned out to be



A VISIT FROM THE DWARFS

I called out, "Come and let us talk together." First one man came creeping towards me, then some of his companions who dodged behind one another. They were all short (about 4 feet) but powerfully built, with broad chests and well-developed muscles. I chatted away to the chief, who was the first to approach me. He knew the Toro language, and amazed me with his smart answers.

A Good-natured Chief

the chief of the party. This man had once come in contact with some people from Toro, and hence knew a little of the Toro language. With him, Mr. Lloyd was able to carry on an imperfect conversation, in which he learned something of the Pygmies and their ways. One of the first things the chief told him was, that for six days he and his people had been following the caravan and keeping it under constant observation. "But we never saw you," the traveller objected. Whereupon the little man laughed with great glee, accepting this as a high compliment to the forest-craft of himself and his followers. During the whole of that time the Pygmies had the caravan entirely in their power ; but the very smallness of the company and the evident peacefulness of its intentions had disarmed their suspicions. Mr. Lloyd's experience in the forest, so different from Stanley's, showed that the dwarfs are by no means so "malicious" as that great explorer imagined. And his testimony, like that of Dr. Livingstone or Mr. Joseph Thomson, points to the conclusion that where no warlike demonstrations are made, the African savage of whatsoever

Appearance and Habits

tribe is in ordinary circumstances a good-natured fellow, who is ready to give the right hand of fellowship to those who show themselves peaceful and friendly.

With the Pygmies Mr. Lloyd struck up a friendship on the spot. The chief testified to his goodwill by presenting him with an antelope he had just killed, and also with a pot of wild honey, of which great quantities are gathered by these people from the hollows of the trees. That night the two parties encamped in the forest side by side, and they parted next morning on the best of terms, after Mr. Lloyd had made several ineffectual efforts to obtain photographs of the strangers. He found that snapshots were impossible in the forest twilight, while the Pygmies were too restless to submit to time exposures. And so, after spoiling about a dozen plates, he had to give up the idea in despair.

After this, different parties of Pygmies were met with at various times in the further course of the march through the forest, some of whom even brought their women to see the white traveller. The women were comely little

Appearance and Habits

creatures, averaging 3 feet 10 inches in height, with light tan-coloured skin. Like Stanley, Mr. Lloyd was much struck by the beautiful eyes of the Pygmy women. These are singularly large and lustrous, but so quick and restless that they never seem to fix their gaze upon any object for one second at a time.

The Pygmies are essentially a wandering people. They never think of clearing the ground and cultivating the soil, and are content to wander from place, gathering the honey which the bees have stored and the fruit and beans and nuts which grow plentifully on the trees, but above all living on the spoils of the chase. They are fearless and expert hunters, who do not hesitate with their little bows and arrows to attack the largest elephants. Sometimes they have to follow one of these forest monsters for days, and shoot hundreds of arrows into it before it falls down and dies from exhaustion and loss of blood. Then they camp around it and feast upon its flesh day after day. When nothing but the hide and skeleton are left, they seize their weapons

Pygmy Worship

once more, and go forth in search of another quarry.

Particularly interesting to this traveller were the evidences he discovered of the Pygmy worship. It has sometimes been alleged that these Congo dwarfs have no religion ; but Mr. Lloyd had abundant evidence that this was not the case. Sometimes at the foot of a huge tree there might be seen a bundle of food neatly tied up in a piece of bark cloth, or a pot of honey, or a humble offering of forest beans. The Pygmies venerate the Spirit of their forest home, and look upon a giant tree as enshrining that Spirit's presence. And besides their tree shrines Mr. Lloyd came upon temples of their own building—little huts roughly fenced in from the forest, and hardly better than the tiny shelters of boughs and leaves in which they lie down at night, but holy places in their eyes, because there they deposit the gifts they wish to offer to the invisible Spirit of the woods.

Having successfully struck the river Ituri, the expedition made its way along the banks, and at length issued from the forest at a place

The Ituri River

called Avakubi, where there was a Belgian station with an officer in command. Here the white traveller was kindly received, and stayed for two days, thoroughly enjoying the comforts of civilized life after all the privations of camp arrangements in the Pygmy Forest. And now it was a comfort to think that though he had still some 1500 miles of African travel to face, no more tramping would be necessary. Fifteen days' paddling in a canoe down the Aruwimi would bring him to the Congo. Reaching that great river, he would connect with a service of steamers running between Stanley Falls and Leopoldville. At the latter place a passage would be secured by another steamer to Boma, at the Congo mouth, and from that place the Belgian mail boat would carry him homewards.

This was a comparatively tame programme for one who had just fought his way for weeks through all the dangers and terrors of the Great Forest; and yet the journey, especially in its earlier stages, was full of interest, and not without adventure. More than once the canoe came to grief in shooting the rapids, for African

The Bangwa

boatmen are not such experts at this kind of work as the North American Indians; and once at least Mr. Lloyd was all but drowned. Moreover, the Aruwimi for a long distance runs through a country in which cannibalism is practised almost as a fine art by a bold and warlike race known as the Bangwa. More than once on landing at a Bangwa village Mr. Lloyd had to face a trying experience. A crowd of tall savages, each with a cruel-looking knife shaped like a sickle, walked round him, looking him up and down, as if taking stock of his condition and considering whether he was worth killing. The trial was all the more unpleasant that he knew perfectly well how those same execution knives were used. When about to hold a cannibal feast, the Bangwa lead a captive beneath a tree, and bending down a large bow fasten his neck to it. One swish of the keen sickle-knife severs the neck completely, and the bough, springing back to its original position, tosses the poor head with a kind of derision high into the air.

Apart from disagreeable sensations on his own private account, Mr. Lloyd often had to

The Bangwa

witness scenes which were horrible and sickening. It was a common thing to see a group of men sitting round a fire and eagerly watching the leg of a man that was being roasted, and next falling upon it and devouring it with unconcealed gusto. The visitor found, however, that the cannibalism of the Bangwa was not simply a depraved appetite, but in large part the result of superstition. They firmly believed that the spirit of the dead warrior passes into the body of the man who eats him, so that by partaking of the flesh of his slain foe a man will increase his own strength and courage. It is in keeping with this that a woman is seldom, if ever, eaten by the Bangwa.

The donkey with which Mr. Lloyd started from Toro not only proved to be of no use as a steed, but was a source of infinite trouble through her habit of floundering into swamps and sticking fast in the bush on every possible occasion, and he was glad to sell her on the first opportunity. His little dog Sally, after many exciting adventures and hairbreadth escapes, came to an untimely end in the jaws of a crocodile. But his bicycle, which had

“Riding on a Snake”

been carried safely through the forest in sections, he was now able to put together again, and one day in a large Bangwa community inhabited by some thousands of people he appeared suddenly in the village street pedalling along at the top of his speed. The sensation he produced was enormous. The cannibals rushed about in consternation, knocking each other down in their eagerness to get out of the way, and crying, “The white man is riding on a snake.” By and by he dismounted, and calling to the chief, tried to persuade him to come and examine this strange flying creature. But his assurances that it was perfectly harmless were of no avail. The cannibal declined to come any nearer, saying, as he pointed to the long trail left by the wheels on the village street, that he always knew a snake’s track when he saw it.

The intrepid traveller reached Boma safely at last, and caught the mail steamer for Europe. He had suffered many hardships, but he had also had not a few experiences that were pleasant—especially in the retrospect. And not the least pleasing of his impressions was

Pygmyland

the conviction which had grown upon him day by day, whether in the forest of the Pygmies or among the cannibals of the Aruwimi River, that great as was the darkness in which those people lived, they had many fine characteristics of their own, and offered a fresh and splendid field for the messengers of the Christian Gospel.

The rapidity of his march, combined with his complete ignorance of the languages of the Congo region, so different from those of Uganda, made it impossible for Mr. Lloyd to engage during his journey in any kind of Christian work among the natives. But it was a missionary work which carried him through the Dark Forest, and that missionary purpose had not been fruitless.

The C.M.S., it is true, has not hitherto felt justified in taking up work among the Pygmies. But Mr. Lloyd may be said to have claimed that strange people for Christ. Stanley had shown that, so far from being on the plane almost of the brute creation, they were a people of a quick intelligence. Mr. Lloyd proved that they were also possessed of religious ideas which offer a foundation for a higher faith and

Pygmyland

worship than their own. An American missionary traveller, the Rev. Mr. Geil, has followed in Mr. Lloyd's steps by traversing the forest, and has added something further to our knowledge of its very interesting inhabitants. There is every reason to hope that Pygmyland, like many another part of the Dark Continent, will one day be brought into the Kingdom of Christ.

NOTE.—The book which contains Mr. Lloyd's narrative of his remarkable journey is entitled *In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country*, and is published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The present author has to thank Mr. Unwin for his kind permission to make use of Mr. Lloyd's narrative.

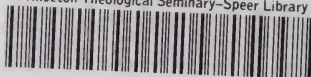
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